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THE RUSSIAN ATTACK ON ENGLAND.

THE insolent attack on the English nation and Government published by the Russian organ at Brussels affords the most recent instance of the inconvenience of the official journalism of absolute Governments. Diplomatic communications are subject to certain restraints of decency, and even when a free press indulges in violent language, the writers are private and irresponsible persons. When a despotic Government thinks it expedient to insult a Power with which it happens to be dissatisfied, the object is effectually obtained by an attack in a newspaper. NAPOLEON was the author of the practice, as of many other encroachments on national independence. As long as he controlled the Continent his incessant vituperation of England falsified current history with an effect which is not yet wholly exhausted. The Russian mouth-piece at Brussels would seventy years ago have been worthily employed as a contributor to the *Moniteur*. It is happily impossible for the enemies of England and of freedom to acquire in the present day a monopoly of public attention; but Russian politicians may perhaps be influenced by the incessant abuse of English policy which is encouraged by the Imperial Government. It is of course probable that the charges which are from time to time preferred may not be drawn up in detail at the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg. It is enough for subordinate agents to know that attacks on the English Government will be welcome in high quarters. In the present instance the Brussels *Nord* has been chosen as the vehicle of an invective which might perhaps have been thought to betray its origin too clearly if it had been published in the semi-official papers of St. Petersburg or Moscow. It seems that Lord DERBY's refusal to take part in the Conference was not a mistake in policy, but a wicked act; and it may be added that both Houses of Parliament, accurately representing the opinion of the country, have within a few days become by unanimous approval accomplices in the crime. The motives attributed to England are somewhat incoherently explained. It can scarcely have been Lord DERBY's purpose to call attention to "the utter impotence of England in Continental warfare." It is perfectly true that it has been thought prudent to avoid obligations which might possibly have interfered with the use of the maritime resources of the country. When one Government cannot courteously decline a novel proposal of another Power without immediately becoming subject to insult and menace, it is not desirable to weaken any legitimate power of defence.

The English Government is accused of "regarding with doubt and suspicion, notwithstanding all evidence to the contrary, the suggestions of a great Power animated with noble and humane intentions." Lord DERBY has never denied, and in his recent despatch he has courteously admitted, that the proposal of the Emperor ALEXANDER may have been in the first instance suggested by humane intentions; and, as far as the resolutions of the Conference may tend to diminish the sufferings of war without producing any collateral effect, England will have no difficulty in assenting to any rules which may be adopted. As the project of the Russian Government was fully disclosed at Brussels, it is absurd to affect a belief that there are any measures for the benefit of the sick and wounded to be considered at St. Petersburg. Prince GORTCHAKOFF assented, as Lord DERBY reminds him, to the limitation of the controversy to military operations on land. His acquiescence in the English demand was illusory if it was intended that subjects excluded from deliberation at Brussels were

to be debated in correspondence or at St. Petersburg. Unless the writer in the *Nord* has exceeded his instructions, his angry reference to the maritime doctrines maintained by England would alone prove that Lord DERBY's suspicions are well founded. The wish of the commander of a million of soldiers to cripple operations conducted by sailors is both intelligible and consistent with Russian traditions; but it is not extraordinarily humane or generous. If Lord DERBY had summoned a Conference for the purpose of reducing by common agreement the magnitude of standing armies, his proposal would have tended more effectually to diminish the evils of war than any resolution which was discussed at Brussels; yet it is highly probable that the Russian and German Governments would have been guilty of the wicked act of regarding with doubt and suspicion the humanity and generosity of England.

The irritation which has found rude expression in the Brussels paper has perhaps been immediately caused by the rumour that the secondary States of Europe are likely to follow the example of England. It is not improbable that they may fear to give offence to Russia, or that attendance at the Conference may be imposed as a condition of the Russian recognition of ALFONSO XII. as King of Spain. There is no doubt that Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland really feel the repugnance to a change of international law which they plainly indicated at Brussels. If for reasons of expediency they think fit to send plenipotentiaries to St. Petersburg, their conduct ought not to be harshly criticized. England is happily, notwithstanding the affected contempt of hack political writers, not yet reduced to the necessity of acting under foreign dictation. It might have been expected that France, having recently experienced an invasion, would be disinclined to restrict the right of national defence; but the Government perhaps fears to alienate a possible ally, and the army has not yet renounced the hope of invading the territory of an enemy in turn. Whether or not the minor States have the courage to follow the example of England, Lord DERBY and his colleagues have done their duty by bearing the brunt of Russian displeasure. The reasoning of Lord DERBY's despatch is unanswerable, and it has the merit of being distinct and decisive. It might have been anticipated that the refusal to share in the Conference would be unpalatable, but it could hardly have been expected that the journalists in the service of the Imperial Government would be instructed to let loose the torrent of scurrility and mendacity. Simultaneously with the violent language of the *Nord* a Russian journal has been employed to publish an absurd story about an English officer sent to instruct the Turcomans in the use of rifles previously supplied by England. Despots and courtiers are always ready to denounce the excesses of a licentious press; but few independent journalists would descend to the level of official libellers. It may, however, be answered that such writers as the author of the article in the *Nord* can scarcely be accused of indulging in license when they strictly obey orders.

The weaker States are warned by the Russian writer that "they have most to gain by fixing the laws of war, for it is quite plain that where no law exists, the strong will impose laws which they may consider convenient to themselves." It is indeed perfectly plain that, with or without fixed laws, powerful invaders will impose and enforce as far as possible such laws as may suit their own interest. The strong go somewhat further when they propose by anticipation to give a legal sanction to the privileges of superior force. It is evident that the loss or gain of the weaker States which are expected to be the subjects of invasion

depends on the nature of the laws which may be proposed and sanctioned at the Conference. During the discussions at Brussels the minor States unanimously protested that the Russian and German projects were calculated to impair their powers of resistance. It is certain that the same motives will induce the same Powers to pursue the same policy at St. Petersburg. Among the losses which might be incurred by the rejection of the new rules, the Russian apologist would perhaps not appreciate the possible loss of independence. The inhabitant of a territory which may be wholly or partially in the military occupation of a foreign enemy can only communicate intelligence to his own Government at the risk of his life, but it is intolerable that the discharge of a patriotic duty should be stigmatized beforehand as a crime. If there are any alarmists who regret that Lord DERBY's judicious and manly answer should have given offence to the Russian Government, they may console themselves with the knowledge that the difference between the Governments and the consequent outbreak of Russian insolence could only have been postponed. If the English Government had engaged in a written controversy, or if an English plenipotentiary had attended any Conference on the laws of war, it would have been necessary sooner or later to resist the probable infringement of maritime rights. In that case Russian journalists would, under superior orders, have denounced with more plausible bitterness the duplicity of a Government which, after acknowledging in principle the expediency of the discussion or the authority of a Conference, had refused to abide by its decisions. The course which has been adopted is more courteous, as well as more straightforward, than preliminary compliance with the form of a demand which was not to be granted in substance. Since the days of NAPOLEON it may be doubted whether any Sovereign has until now advanced the pretension of insisting as of right that an independent State shall accept against its wish the proposal of a Conference or Congress. Not many years have passed since the English Government declined the invitation of NAPOLEON III. to a Congress; and its example was immediately followed by nearly every Power in Europe. The EMPEROR was on that occasion seriously disappointed; but the journalists of the French Empire were not instructed to accuse England of wickedness in exercising an independent judgment.

STROUD.

MR. LEWIS, in inviting the House of Commons to suspend the issue of a writ for Stroud, seemed to himself to have a much stronger case than he really had. Nor was the mistake an unnatural one. Four elections within seven months, all attacked on the ground of corrupt practices, and successfully attacked in three cases, the exception being when the dissolution rendered inquiry impossible, are enough to create uneasy feelings about a borough. Nor is it difficult to understand that the borough is itself in a very excited and distracted state. Parties are very nearly balanced, and each side seems determined to win, and to win at all costs and at all risks. The tranquil current of private life is roughly disturbed under such circumstances. Political opposition degenerates into private bitterness, and honest, quiet people come to hate the very name of an election, and to think that the greatest kindness that could be done to them would be to preserve them from any more elections for some time to come. To suspend the writ for a time, partly as a punishment for malpractices, and partly as a means of permitting a return to decency, honesty, and peace, seems a step creditable to an indignant public, and really considerate towards Stroud itself. But it was a remedy which might have caused much more mischief than it was designed to cure. The House, if it had adopted the course proposed, would have been acting in a fit of moral caprice. If a constituency is tainted with widespread corruption, and this appears to the satisfaction of an Election Judge, there is no doubt as to what ought to be done. The ground for the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry is open, and the Commission, armed with the power of extorting materials from reluctant witnesses, examines how far the conclusion of the Judge, resting only on such facts as were brought before him on the trial of a petition, is correct. If, on the Commission making its report, the case seems so bad that the borough ought to be disfranchised, a Bill for that purpose is brought in, and in this Bill all the branches of

the Legislature are invited to concur. It by no means follows as a matter of course that both Houses of Parliament should take the same view as to the proposed disfranchisement of a borough. A Bill for the disfranchisement of Stafford twice passed the House of Commons, and was twice rejected by the Lords. While the Commission is making its investigations, and while any Bill is pending for disfranchisement, no new writ is issued. This is a plain and intelligible course, and it reposes on three principles—that a writ shall only be suspended with a view to inquiry, or to allow a Bill for disfranchisement to be passed; that a case for inquiry shall not be assumed to exist until the Election Judge shall have pronounced that it does exist; and that disfranchisement shall be the work, not of one, but of both Houses of Parliament.

It must, however, be owned that, although this may be the most reasonable mode of treating the matter, it is only very lately that it can be said to have been clear that there was no other mode of treating the case of a delinquent borough. There has been a steady reluctance on the part of the leaders of the House to sanction any interference with the issuing of a writ, except with a view to inquiry or disfranchisement, on account of the great abuses to which party spirit might turn such a discretionary power on the part of the House. But in 1860, after a Commission had reported that, although corruption had prevailed at Wakefield at a recent election, yet there was not ground for disfranchising the borough, the House of Commons—not with a view to inquiry, for inquiry was closed, and not with a view to disfranchisement, for the views of the Commissioners were adopted on that head, but simply to inflict a temporary punishment—suspended the writ for two years. This precedent did not apply very closely to the case of Stroud, for here there has been no Commission of Inquiry. But the discretion of the House as to suspending a writ has been recently controlled by the passing of the Act transferring the trial of election petitions to the Judges. An inquiry by Commission cannot now be made unless the Judge has reported that bribery has extensively prevailed. Formerly the House was asked to decide whether a case for a Commission had been made out. This delicate duty has been now imposed upon the Judge. There might be arguments against leaving it to the Judge to decide this; for he can only take cognizance of facts judicially brought before him, and the evidence might give good reason for suspecting a state of general corruption, although it might not be clear enough and cogent enough to warrant a Judge in stating that he had discovered general corruption to exist. On the other hand, it may be said that to allow a large mixed body frequently excited by party spirit, like the House of Commons, to act upon its suspicions and apprehensions of extensive bribery is necessarily dangerous. At any rate the Legislature has adopted the latter view. To permit inquiry without the Judge having stated that, in his opinion, good grounds for an inquiry existed, was so far to repeal the Election Petitions Act; and this was the ground on which Mr. DISRAELI rested his refusal to acquiesce in Mr. LEWIS's motion.

What Mr. LEWIS wanted to do was, in fact, to skip over a Commission of Inquiry, to offer himself as the voluntary reporter of an imaginary Commission, and to be allowed to state that he had discovered traces of general corruption at Stroud. The Judges who tried the petitions had not discovered these traces, but Mr. LEWIS had. The very case of Stroud itself showed how very unjust such a course would be. The first election set aside was set aside merely because some electors got a little breakfast of a simple and humble kind in a Dissenting schoolroom. A subsequent election was attacked on the ground that some millowners gave their workmen a holiday on the day of the poll, and yet paid for full time at the end of the week. The presiding Judge went so far, and so far only, as to say that this was a practice open to objection; he was assured that it should be given up, and it was not repeated at the election which took place shortly afterwards. On one occasion the Judge did report that there had been extensive treating, but as the Act did not seem to contemplate that a Commission should be issued unless it was bribery that the Judge had found to prevail extensively, no further steps were taken, a new writ was issued, and on the next election there were no traces of treating on anything like an extensive scale. Stroud, on the whole, seemed very ready to mend its ways when errors were brought home to it of a kind which

touched the bulk of the constituency. But there was on each side a violent faction, a set of men moved to fury by these repeated contests, who were perfectly unscrupulous, and were ready to do anything so that they could snatch a victory from their opponents; and these men did very bad things indeed. They bribed, they brought in strangers to corrupt the constituency, they spirited away witnesses, they did all they could to defy the law, to degrade the borough, and to defeat justice. The question which the Election Judges had to decide was, whether these violators of the law were a set of persons apart, a special, separate, bad lot, or whether they were the representatives of a large portion of the constituency. They decided that these men were the exception, not the rule. What Mr. LEWIS wanted was to persuade the House of Commons that he knew better than the Judges, and that he might be trusted when he said that the constituency of Stroud generally was not fit to elect a member. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pointed out, any Tory in the days of WILKES might, on the same principle, have assured the House that Middlesex was not a fit constituency to elect a member, as it was sure to persist in its wrong doings; or, in more recent times, before the disqualification of Jews was removed, it might have been equally objected to the issue of a new writ for London that it was sure to re-elect Baron ROTHSCHILD. That some people at Stroud do not wish for another election just at present is probable and natural, but what has the House of Commons to do with the timidity of an unknown quantity of respectable persons at Stroud? When people live in a Parliamentary borough, they must take their position with all its consequences of pleasure or discomfort. Mr. LEWIS was quite right in saying that it was no reason for issuing the writ that there may be a chance of so very neutral and laudable a person as Mr. BOUVIER being elected. The electors may think as highly of Mr. BOUVIER as his friends could wish, or as badly as Sir WILFRID LAWSON thinks of him, but the House of Commons has nothing to do with what may be the probable choice of a constituency. It must keep to a certain fixed groove, or it will afford an opening to the worst abuses of party spirit. It must accept the decisions of Election Judges; it must only suspend a writ when inquiry is to be made, or disfranchisement proposed; and it cannot allow any weight to the consideration that a good man or a bad man is likely to be returned if a new writ is issued. Fortunately, all the leaders on both sides had no hesitation as to what was the proper course to take, and an overwhelming majority decided that the House would not step out of its proper province.

THE NEW FRENCH REPUBLIC.

A BILL establishing a Republican Constitution has been read a second time in the French Assembly, and down to Thursday, at all events, it stood a good chance of being definitively passed. The form of government which this measure proposes to create is complete in all its parts. It includes a Legislature consisting of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies, and a President, elected for seven years by the two Chambers sitting together as a National Assembly, and capable of re-election. The President, with the consent of the Senate, has the right of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies. He is not responsible, except in case of high treason. His Ministers are responsible, both jointly for the general policy of the Government and individually for their personal acts. The Chambers have the right of resolving by an absolute majority of votes that the Constitution needs revision. After this resolution has been passed the two Chambers are to sit together as a National Assembly, which will have the power of revising the Constitution either altogether or in part. All but two of these provisions may be considered as for the moment placed beyond the reach of controversy. The decisive vote of last week implied a real though late acceptance of the Republic by the Right Centre. Whatever hopes the moderate Conservatives may entertain of being hereafter able to get the Constitution revised in a monarchical sense, they have withdrawn their opposition to the present establishment of the Republic. Whatever dislike the Left may feel to seeing the Republic set up for them rather than by them, they did not allow it to influence their votes on the second reading. How so strange a compromise will work is of course another question.

But it seems understood that, if an agreement upon the two provisions still under consideration can be arrived at, both parties are to make the experiment of dwelling together as brethren.

There seems to be no better explanation of this unexpected unanimity than the universal fear which the Bonapartists have at length succeeded in arousing. Even the Duke of BROGLIE has been convinced that, if a majority of some sort cannot be created in the Assembly, the return of the Empire is assured. He held by the hope of reconstructing the Conservative majority down to the latest possible moment; but when two successive votes had shown that this was impossible, the whole Right Centre followed the stragglers who had given the signal of adhesion to the Republic, and voted for the second reading of M. WALLON's scheme. The same feeling of alarm for the time enabled M. GAMBETTA to carry the entire Left along with him in the work of creating a Republican majority which should be content with no less Conservative a fugleman than M. DUBAURE. They appeared to see that, if the overtures of the Right Centre were rejected, nothing could hinder the Imperialists from profiting by the confusion that must follow. The dislike of the majority of the existing Assembly to the Empire turns out to have been more genuine than had been supposed. Even the Duke of BROGLIE himself, who more than any one man is responsible for the recent progress of the Imperial cause, seems to have believed that he could make the Bonapartists his tools, and when this turned out to be impossible, he was anxious to bring his alliance with them to an end. The change in the state of France which the WALLON Constitution promises to effect is simply this. Supposing it not to be adopted, the Bonapartists are moving on against an undefended position. There is no force at the head of affairs which can be trusted to offer any real resistance to their advance. Marshal MACMAHON may feel no good will to them, but he represents no permanent institutions, and consequently his opposition can at most be maintained to the end of the Septennate. If the WALLON Constitution is adopted, the Bonapartists are still moving on, but it is against a position occupied by men who intend to hold it if they can. If the feeling in favour of the Empire has as much root in the country as the Bonapartists assert, this position will some day be turned. The new Republic will certainly not be strong enough to keep possession of France if the wishes of the French people are decidedly on the side of its enemies. But if the Bonapartists are mistaken in this estimate, and if their progress in the country was merely due to the despairing conviction that the Empire was the only definitive form of government lying within reach, the establishment of the Republic, even at the eleventh hour, may make their prospects very much less promising.

Two difficulties, however, are still to be got over before the new Republic can fairly be considered under way. The Left and the Centres have to agree upon the composition of the Senate and upon the conditions under which the revision of the Constitution may be from time to time effected. The first of these questions gave cause on Thursday to one of those unfortunate divisions which are perhaps unavoidable when all parties in the Legislature have to consider their reputation with their friends out of doors as well as the immediate effect of their votes. It was believed before the debate opened that the Left had convinced themselves that they had no chance of carrying any amendment which gave the election of the Senate to the same electors voting under the same conditions as those by and under which the Chamber of Deputies is returned. It might have been expected therefore that they would have agreed with the Left Centre upon some compromise which the Right Centre could also accept in the last resort, and that the united Left and Left Centre would then make as great a show of strength as possible in order to let the Right Centre see that no better terms were to be had. But the Left had first to persuade their supporters in the constituencies that they had not deserted the principle of direct election by universal suffrage until the impossibility of getting it accepted had been demonstrated. Indeed it is probable that M. GAMBETTA had only secured the consent of his more extreme followers to a compromise by the promise of letting them have a field day to themselves in the first instance. The Left Centre were not obliged to join in what was supposed to be a mere formal display of Radical impotence; but they are exceed-

ingly anxious not to give the Left any opportunity of saying that their acceptance of universal suffrage is half-hearted, and in the belief that the Right and the Right Centre were amply strong enough to defeat a coalition between the Left and the Left Centre, they voted for M. PASCAL DUPRAT'S amendment. The result of the division contradicted all these previsions. Instead of M. DUPRAT'S amendment being rejected, and the ground thus cleared for real business, it was carried. The Left Centre, whose adhesion to the amendment was, as it turned out, the immediate cause of its success, had miscalculated the action of the Extreme Right. They were known to be pledged to vote against the Constitutional Laws, and it was too hastily assumed that they would consequently vote against every amendment on them. But the opposition of the Extreme Right is more bitter and more judicious than the Left Centre supposed. Instead of voting against the Constitutional Laws in any and every shape, they preferred to see them passed in a shape which would go far to break up the coalition by which their adoption had been secured. To gain this end they had only to remain neutral. The Right Centre and the Moderate Right were thus left to confront the Left Centre, the whole Left, and the Bonapartists, and when the division was taken it showed a majority of ten in favour of M. PASCAL DUPRAT'S amendment. There is no doubt that this result constitutes a very serious impediment to the final adoption of M. WALLON'S Bill. A strenuous effort will probably be made to undo the vote, but the elements which have to be conciliated over again are in a less promising state for mixing amicably together. The Right Centre are irritated at the desertion of the Left Centre, and the Left, instead of being depressed by foreseen defeat, are elated by unlooked-for victory. The conviction that unless the vote of Thursday can somehow be reconsidered the whole work of last week must go for nothing may perhaps smooth away these difficulties; but even then the desired result will be secured with greater pain and with less promise of lasting.

If this difficulty should be got over, another will present itself on the third reading of the Bill. M. GAMBETTA has given notice of an amendment to the Revision clause, the essential feature of which is that, after the Chambers have decided that the Constitution needs revision, the work of revising it shall be undertaken, not by the existing Chambers, but by a Constituent Assembly elected for that special end. The objects of these several proposals are sufficiently plain. The Republic is being set up by two classes of politicians—one which wishes it to continue the permanent Government of France, and one which wishes it to be replaced by a Monarchy whenever circumstances are propitious. The latter would like the process of revision to be made as easy as it can be; the former would like to throw every possible difficulty in the way. Now, if the work is entrusted to the Chambers which have declared it to be necessary, it is obviously much more likely to be carried through than if the Chambers which declare it to be necessary and the Chambers which have to perform it are different bodies. In the one case the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies will have nothing to do but to ascertain their own wishes on the subject. If they are bold enough to give them effect, they need not trouble themselves to inquire what the wishes of the country are. In the latter case it is not enough to ascertain their own wishes; they must also calculate what are likely to be the wishes of the Chambers which are to follow them, and consequently of the electors by whom these Chambers will be returned. The additional difficulty which will thus be thrown in the way of revision is very considerable. It is as yet uncertain whether, after all, the Left will accept a Republic which may be overturned too easily, and whether the Right Centre will accept one which they may find it too hard to get rid of.

GERMANY.

RUMOURS have recently been current that Prince BISMARCK proposes soon to retire from public life. He will be sixty this year; and his health is said to be so far impaired that he cannot continue a life of incessant care and fatigue without serious danger. His labours and anxieties have already told severely on his constitution, and even his friends admit that the constant strain on his nervous system has made him more irritable, peevish, and obstinate than he used to be. It is also hinted that he is

worn out with the constant risk of assassination to which he knows himself to be exposed. He is jealously guarded by the police; but even with their utmost precautions they no longer think it safe for him to go about Berlin as he used to go, and he is shut out not only from his former freedom of movement, but from the possibility of taking his accustomed exercise. It may, however, be doubted whether the fear of being killed would really deter him from continuing to render his services to his country. It is a very disagreeable thing to be night and day in danger of being assassinated, and probably the precautions to which he is obliged to submit are more annoying to Prince BISMARCK than even the hazard to which he is exposed. But threatened men proverbially live long. The late Emperor NAPOLEON lived on for years knowing that he ran a risk of being shot every time he went out, and yet he had no objection whatever to continuing to live at the Tuileries at the price of being exposed to the bullet of an assassin. The vigilance of the police in such cases makes it by no means an easy matter for an intending assassin to get a favourable opportunity. The assassin himself is sure to be caught and executed, and the party on behalf of which he commits the crime has been shown by experience to lose much more than it gains by his success. This is not, indeed, always so. PRIM was assassinated, and his assassination produced a great and disastrous effect on Spanish politics; but PRIM'S assassins were suffered to remain undiscovered, and there is not the faintest chance of the same thing happening at Berlin. If Prince BISMARCK were assassinated at Berlin, the only difficulty of the police would be to prevent the authors of the crime from being torn to pieces by the mob. The attempt made by ORSINI to assassinate the EMPEROR cost ORSINI his life, but is generally supposed to have fixed the wavering mood of NAPOLEON, and to have determined him to engage France in a war for the liberation of Italy. The enemies of Prince BISMARCK have learnt from the history of the attempt on his life at Kissingen that the exact contrary would happen, and that to kill him would be to make Germany cling more ardently than ever to his policy. No one can doubt that Prince BISMARCK is a brave man, and he is not likely to be deterred by fear from doing what he thinks right. At the same time, being overwrought by incessant work and anxiety, he may chafe under the supervision to which his movements are subjected, and under the privation of his usual exercise. It is not to be wondered at that he should long for repose and the wholesome liberty of a country life. If he can retire without abandoning his duties to the EMPEROR and to his country, he will probably do so before long. It is natural, under these circumstances, to ask how far he can be spared; and to answer this question it is necessary to distinguish between the different spheres of activity to which his energies have been hitherto directed.

There is, first, the sphere of what may be termed grand politics—the sphere that embraces the internal consolidation of the German Empire, the relations of Germany to France, Russia, and Austria, and the combat with Ultramontanism. It is idle to suppose that as long as he lives Prince BISMARCK will be ever allowed, or will be ever willing, to retire altogether from this sphere. It is his own work that he will have to see made or marred; the policy that will be at stake will be his own creation. It is he that has suppressed the separatist tendencies of Bavaria and of some of the lesser States. It is he that has forced on France the conviction that she must seek peace and ensue it, and has made Russia and Austria equally sensible of the advantages of a German alliance. It is he who has challenged Ultramontanism to do its worst, and has dared it to spend the fury of its waves on the rock of the German State. If any part of his work were seriously threatened, he would be sure, whether he was living at Berlin or in the depths of the country, to be called to the rescue, and he would be equally sure to respond to the call. But it may be remarked that his work is to a great extent done; and it would be only if there were a danger lest it should be undone that he would be needed. He has made the lesser States understand not only that they must accept the political combination which he has invented, but that they must not even use the right of independent action which this combination seemed to assure them. He would not hear of their exercising in real life the right of separate diplomatic representation which the Constitution accords to them. When, as recently with regard to the Civil Marriage Bill, some of the lesser States were inclined

to dissent, he was immediately reported to have found means—whatever that may signify—to convince them that opposition was useless. He has so far quieted the outward animosity of France that Duke DECAZES, who is the typical representative of conciliation, is pronounced to be the indispensable Foreign Secretary in every Ministerial combination. He has got it established as a political axiom accepted by the statesmen of every country that Italy shall be allowed to go on its own way, unhindered and unmolested. He has made a determination to stand well with Berlin so essential a part of Austrian policy that a few days ago an Austrian Archduke was placed by the EMPEROR under military arrest because he had published a pamphlet in which he spoke of Germany as the enemy against which Austria had really to guard. He has done all he could wish to do to set the arm of secular power in motion against the pretensions or attacks of ecclesiastics. If others could but go on in the groove which he has chalked out for them, it would be enough, unless something more important and dangerous happened. Then he would be indispensable, and he would be as eager to put on his harness again and join once more in the fight as his helpless supporters would be to see him come back. The POPE, for example, might die, and his successor would have to be elected. Prince BISMARCK has a theory about the claims of Germany to interfere in the election of a new POPE which we do not profess to be able to understand. A manifesto from twenty-three German bishops combating this theory has just been published, and it is difficult to see how the arguments can be met which assert the right of the members of a religious community to elect as they please the person who is to wield spiritual power over them. But if Prince BISMARCK still clings to his theory, if he is prepared to assert, explain, and defend it, certainly no one else can replace him in the task. If Germany is to interfere in the election of a new POPE, which we may venture, until Prince BISMARCK has further explained his views, to deem an unwarrantable pretension, he alone can show Germany how to interfere with a chance of success. He would certainly have to leave Varzin then. CINCINNATUS cannot go on growing his cabbages when not only is CINCINNATUS the best general of his country, but no one except CINCINNATUS understands what the war is about.

There is also the sphere of lesser politics; and here, too, Prince BISMARCK has laid the foundations of a policy large, original, and imposing. It is not a policy in accordance with English notions and habits; but, if we only examine the part of Continental institutions which is in accordance with our institutions and habits, we have very little to examine. By studying Prince BISMARCK's internal policy we may see what is the German notion of a State, or at least what that notion is as moulded by Prince BISMARCK. Its essential idea is that of confiding the use of extraordinary power to the monarchy and the aristocracy, and the use of ordinary power to the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie*, the professional as well as the mercantile classes being included in the *bourgeoisie*. The KING and the aristocracy take care that the State shall exist, the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie* conduct the machinery of the State in daily life. The army is controlled by the King and the noble families; the laws and internal regulations are made to suit the wishes and foster the activity of what may roughly be termed the middle classes. The freedom of the press is practically non-existent in Germany, for its freedom is regarded by Prince BISMARCK as incompatible with the supremacy of those whom he wishes to see invested with extraordinary powers. But law after law is being passed to make daily life flow on as the *bourgeoisie* and the bureaucracy wish to see it flow on. A Civil Marriage Bill has just been passed by the German Parliament which affords a striking example of this. So long as every marriage is properly registered the bureaucracy is satisfied; and the *bourgeoisie* wish that the celebration of marriage shall do no more than satisfy the bureaucracy. They do not want it to be connected with religion. They seem, especially in Berlin, to prefer being married without any religious ceremony. In France the civil marriage is only a mode of registering the marriage in preparation for a religious ceremony. In England civil marriage is permitted, but our regulations for securing proper registration of marriages, especially when Scotland is taken into account, are exceedingly imperfect. In Germany marriages will now be all duly registered, but in

very many cases no religious ceremony will follow. Directly the German Parliament rose the Prussian Parliament resumed its sittings, and the Government had a group of measures ready to propose to it. They all relate to provincial administration, and through all runs the same idea that provincial administration shall be taken out of the hands of the great landowners and clergy, and given over to the bureaucracy and to the *bourgeoisie*. Further educational changes are talked of with the same object, for it is on the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie* that Prince BISMARCK relies in his combat with Ultramontanism in daily life, just as he relies on the EMPEROR and the aristocracy if any of the friends of Ultramontanism could be persuaded to defy Germany in arms. Nor is it only in the character of the new laws he proposes that the tendency of Prince BISMARCK's aims is apparent. It shows itself equally in the way in which laws of a particular class are made. Measures of legal reform are drafted by the department to which they belong in concert with independent professional advisers. When drafted they are submitted to the judgment of the most eminent authorities in the branch of law to which they refer, and the process is continued until the representatives of the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie* are satisfied. They are then put before the Chamber, which takes good care not to spoil the work of skilled workmen in whom it can confide, and they are passed into law without opposition. Here again so much has been done, the groove in which things are to go has been so carefully marked out by Prince BISMARCK, that he might probably be able to retire before long from any active and constant supervision of what is taking place. It would only be if the work which he has done were likely to be undone that he would be indispensable, and would have once more to show his mastery over other minds.

THE NOTICE-PAPER.

THE long list of Notices of Motion given on the first night of the Session might provide the House of Commons with more work than it is prepared to undertake, if they were all to result in practical attempts at legislation. The measures proposed by the Government are of a kind which renders them easy and popular when they are first announced, because they purport to confer undeniable benefits on the community. Unluckily public expediency too often clashes with private interest, which is always vigilant and suspicious. The pollution of rivers is a flagrant evil; but rivers are polluted only because they afford the easiest and cheapest outfall for noxious matters. Manufacturers and local governing bodies must incur expense for the diversion of their refuse if it is no longer discharged into the rivers with the natural drainage of the district. The Government will be fully justified in procuring the enactment of protective laws; but, if it succeeds in purifying the rivers, it will have injured and offended powerful classes. Similar difficulties will attend Mr. CROSS's measure for the removal of crowded dwellings; and experience has already shown that securities against adulteration are not palatable to tradesmen. Any Bill on the vexed question of trade combinations will be unacceptable either to the workmen or to the employers, and perhaps to both. Above all, the Agricultural Tenancies Bill will involve to some extent a restriction of the rights of property, while it may probably not satisfy the demands of the tenant-farmers.

That administrative and social changes are distasteful to those at whose expense they are made is no reason for refusing to propose them; but Mr. DISRAELI's task is in some respects more embarrassing than that of his predecessor. Mr. GLADSTONE's great measures involved party questions on which he could command the undivided support of his followers. The clergy and laity of the Irish Church were not required to concur in the suppression of the Establishment, and the Irish landlords were outvoted by a compact majority of opponents. Before the Ballot Bill was introduced it had been adopted by the entire Liberal party, including among the most recent proselytes Mr. GLADSTONE himself and his principal colleagues. The measures of the present Session will divide classes rather than parties, and, while they excite little enthusiasm, they will provoke much detached opposition. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the country appreciates moderate and practical measures. Mr. DISRAELI has never displayed, nor has he

affected to possess, the legislative capacity which in its highest form made Sir ROBERT PEEL the best Minister of his time; but the deficiencies of the PRIME MINISTER may perhaps be supplied by his colleagues, especially by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the HOME SECRETARY. Mr. HARDY's attempt to correct some of the alleged defects of Lord CARDWELL's great experiment will excite much opposition. Perhaps Mr. WARD HUNT may be allowed to expend a moderate sum in giving substance and reality to Mr. GOSCHEN's "phantom" fleet. The Government possesses in Lord CAIRNS one of the most competent of professional legislators, and his measures, which have already been fully discussed in the previous Session, will be supported by his rival and predecessor. There is little reason to apprehend the interruption of practical business in either House by the ecclesiastical misconceptions which Mr. DISRAELI encouraged last year, and deprecated with humorous coolness on the first night of the present Session.

The Notices given by amateurs are unusually numerous, though many of the topics are familiar, and indeed annual. The prospect of an amusing speech by Sir WILFRID LAWSON will perhaps reconcile the House of Commons to the dreary infliction of a Permissive Bill debate; and the result may be easily foreseen. Two years ago one Liberal member after another started up in anxious haste to assure the publicans of his constituency that he was not one of their enemies. As a general election is now comparatively remote, the advocates of compulsory temperance will not be equally exposed to Parliamentary reprobation. One member proposes to prohibit beer on Sundays in England, and another in Ireland. The Bill for removing impediments to the spread of contagious disease is entrusted to Sir HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, who will be supported by Mr. STANSFELD. It may be hoped that as little as possible will be said in justification of the vote by which the motion ought to be summarily defeated. The revival of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill will again test the question whether a small number of persons who have deliberately violated the law shall be allowed to obtain an indemnity by means of an impudent and spurious agitation. It would be hard to grudge Mr. NEWDEGATE, after his long and consistent career, a Wednesday morning speech on the iniquities of convents. The subject, though it will be gravely treated, is perhaps more amusing than Mr. ANDERSON's lucubrations on the currency, which will superfluously prove the undoubted fact that the price of money, as of other commodities, frequently varies.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's Burial Bill will be introduced and rejected in the usual course; and Mr. P. TAYLOR will not induce Parliament to abolish the Game-laws. A Notice of Mr. BARCLAY's about wild animals in Scotland is more ambiguous; but it is probably directed against deer. Mr. COWPER TEMPLE and Mr. FORSYTH devote themselves to the redress of the wrongs of women. The reception of the proposal to facilitate the acquisition by women of academic degrees in Scotland will probably depend on the opinions of the governing bodies in the Scotch Universities. The only degree which is at present really desired by a certain number of women is that of Doctor of Medicine; and the difficulties which female students have encountered affect the process of medical instruction rather than the result of the final examination. As some ladies already assume the coveted title, the question whether it is desirable that there should be female graduates is not of overwhelming importance. Mr. FORSYTH, as the substitute and successor of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, undertakes the more ambitious enterprise of removing the electoral disabilities of women. Like nearly all new political terms, the word disability involves a questionable assumption. Roman Catholics before the Relief Act were properly said to be subject to disabilities, because a member otherwise qualified could not sit in Parliament without submitting to a test by which he was practically excluded. The English Constitution confers electoral privileges on men who satisfy certain conditions; but it has not deprived women of rights which they never possessed. They are disabled from sitting in Parliament only in the same sense in which they are disabled from serving in the army. The arguments against Mr. FORSYTH's scheme are conclusive, and, which is perhaps more to the purpose, they are certain to prevail. It oddly happens that both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI have countenanced the preposterous innovation of female suffrage, perhaps because neither statesman attaches any considerable importance to the qualifications of

electors. Mr. GLADSTONE is a convert to universal suffrage; and Mr. DISRAELI having, as he believes, dug down to the most conservative stratum of male voters, hopes, not without reason, to throw out a lateral shaft into the section of the community which most instinctively and obstinately opposes deviation from custom, freedom of opinion, and impartial justice. Mr. DISRAELI is not habitually actuated by impulse or prejudice, but he knows that such motives may possibly promote the interests of his party.

Two or three motions for the readjustment of the Constitution will not correspond with the present state of political feeling. Sir J. MCKENNA proposes to assimilate the borough franchise of Ireland to that of England, and the strongest argument for the plan is that Irish constituencies are scarcely liable to deterioration; but the Bill is not likely to pass in the present Session, or during the continuance of the existing Parliament. With the exception of Mr. FORSYTH, whose Bill can scarcely be regarded as serious, Mr. TREVELYAN is the only member who introduces an electoral measure of importance. The division on his Bill for household suffrage in counties will define with approximate accuracy the respective numbers of the extreme and moderate Liberals, whose opinions are, according to Mr. BRIGHT, tolerably unanimous. It is not known whether Lord HARTINGTON will, like Mr. GLADSTONE, support a measure which is justly obnoxious to the Whig members of the party. Mr. FORSTER was on the last occasion Mr. TREVELYAN's principal supporter, while Mr. LOWE, who voted against the Bill, may perhaps take occasion to bid by a speech against it for the confidence of the numerous Liberals who doubt with him whether there is a tranquil and temperate region behind the North wind. Sir W. HARCOURT lately incurred by his exposition of a moderate policy the indignant reproof of Mr. TREVELYAN; and it is not unlikely that he may take a convenient opportunity of replying to his assailant. Mr. MASSEY, who a year or two ago seemed to incline to extreme opinions, lately expressed disapproval of further changes in the franchise. Members for comparatively small boroughs will scarcely favour the disfranchisement of their constituencies, which would probably follow an equalization of the suffrage. County members will be still more averse to rely for their chance of re-election on the agricultural labourers; nor will they fail to reflect that the Bill will be inevitably defeated, and that a vote in its favour would give unpardonable offence to the tenant-farmers, whom household suffrage would deprive of all political power. It may be hoped that the general feeling of the party and of his colleagues will restrain Mr. DISRAELI from tampering with a second plan for the extension of democratic power. In the last Session he plainly intimated his readiness to concede the suffrage to farm-labourers if the measure were approved by his followers. It will be prudent either to entrust some other Minister with the duty of expressing the decision of the Government, or to repudiate all inclination for constitutional change. The long list of practical measures which was contained in the QUEEN'S Speech would of itself furnish a sufficient argument against unnecessary experiments.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ARMY.

IF words could supply the place of deeds, Mr. DISRAELI would be the greatest Minister ever known. He answered in a confident, jaunty manner Mr. BENTINCK's complaint of the unreal character of the British army, and he seems to have supposed that he had settled the uncomfortable question thus propounded. We know that on the Continent all men are arming themselves, and we are told that HER MAJESTY continues to receive assurances of friendship from all foreign Powers. Mr. BENTINCK is apparently one of those numerous unofficial persons who would prefer to trust the safety and honour of this country, not to the forbearance of its neighbours, but to its own readiness for self-defence; and he mentioned that he had heard "rumours," which, as we all know, have been considerably prevalent, "that our army is a mere *nominis umbra*, and that in a short time there would be as many deserters as recruits." Mr. DISRAELI hereupon lectured Mr. BENTINCK on the expediency of being guarded and temperate in his remarks on this subject in the House of Commons, which it appears is the only place where the anxiety for the public welfare which possesses all patriotic minds must not be expressed. The PRIME MINISTER

believes he is correct in saying—and certainly it is his business to know—that the number of recruits this year exceeds the number of last year by 3,500, while the number of deserters this year is less than the number last year, at which consolatory assurance somebody cried, "Hear, hear." He proceeded to observe that Mr. BENTINCK and the House must see that there was not the slightest foundation for that member's statement, and again there were cheers and laughter. Mr. BENTINCK and the question which he raised are probably considered in the official circle to have been effectually put down; but perhaps it may be thought outside that circle that it is not Mr. BENTINCK's statement, but the British army, that is without foundation.

Even if the country could believe the implied representation of Ministers, it is certain that no foreigner will believe it. The question is not whether a few more boys have joined the army, but whether an army of boys, supposing it to exist, is capable of resisting men. Our army is notoriously the mere shadow of a mighty name. We can hardly expect to win always against tremendous odds, as we did at Inkerman, and besides we have not now such soldiers as fought that battle, and we are taking no steps to provide them. Take the most favourable estimate possible of recruiting, and still the result is such that only a junior Lord of Treasury could cheer an exposition of it. Our Government will continue its efforts to preserve and consolidate the peace of Europe, and these efforts will be treated with contempt whenever any one of the great Powers of Europe has made up its mind for war. We have got 3,500 boys more than we could get last year, and if they do not run away they will have become soldiers by the time they are ready to quit the army. It appears that Mr. BENTINCK attached too much importance to the rumours which are always afloat in a free country, and too little to these 3,500 supplementary boys. The rumours, it must be allowed, are remarkably persistent, and although doctors differ as to the remedy, they agree that our military system is diseased. Now, however, a superior practitioner has been called in, and he declares that the sickness is imaginary and the patient was never better in its life. It may indeed be apprehended that these rumours, propagated by persons whose sense of expediency is inferior even to that of Mr. BENTINCK, will continue to pervade the political air, and it may even happen that in the House of Lords two or three veteran officers will declare profound distrust, while the Duke of CAMBRIDGE will not venture to assert confidence, in the organization of the army. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF intimated not long since at a dinner in the City that the only choice lay between conscription and largely increased estimates. Even for after-dinner purposes it can no longer be assumed that the army is what it ought to be; and it is only when the PRIME MINISTER addresses the House of Commons that the old method of complacently disregarding facts is thought suitable. But we cannot imitate the ostrich, which sticks its head into the sand and fancies that it is not seen. Rumours of the insufficiency of our army are not only afloat in this free country, but they have even reached other countries which Mr. DISRAELI was once erroneously supposed to have said were not free. In Germany they know exactly how many men and boys our regular army consists of, and they have put upon our so-called defensive force the value of zero. Of course it is to be lamented that German writers should not be more guarded and temperate in their remarks upon the military nakedness of England, and should choose to judge the English Government by its deeds rather than its words.

Before Parliament met, the propagators of rumours had things very much their own way, and they had succeeded in creating an impression, which Mr. DISRAELI will probably declare to be totally unfounded, that a voluntary system of enlistment will never bear the strain of the present altered conditions of war. An experienced officer proposed to meet these conditions effectually by compelling every man who might thereafter enroll in the Militia to be liable to active service on war being declared; and, when countries should fail to furnish on these terms the full establishment of men required, to apply the ballot in all cases. By the operation of the ballot in this comparatively mild form men would only be compelled to join the Militia in peaceful times, but they would be liable during their engagement of six years to serve with the regular army in the event of war only. The chances would

be largely against the incidence of this liability, and in any case men would not be dragged without preparation from their homes and turned into soldiers before they could learn to use their arms. It is assumed by writers in this strain that, in the event of the safety and honour of England being threatened, it would be the duty of every man to come to the rescue, and preparation should, as they think, be made beforehand for the performance of this duty. Simultaneous action, to be of any avail at a crisis, must be previously organized. The German invasion of France is supposed to have proved to the satisfaction of everybody except Cabinet Ministers that raw and inexperienced levies can make no stand against trained soldiers, and that it is therefore necessary to keep a trained and numerous force ready for any emergency. An organization of the Militia by help, if necessary, of the ballot, would be effective and economical, and unless some better plan can be suggested, this plan, which harmonizes with our habits and traditions, ought to be forthwith adopted. But, so far as can be discovered from what Mr. DISRAELI did and did not say, Ministers are not prepared to adopt this plan or any other. They continue to receive friendly assurances from foreign Powers, and they forget that this country has almost ceased to deserve the name of a Power in Continental war.

It is indeed wonderful how business can be got through on the principle of doing one thing and putting other things out of mind. Mr. DISRAELI appears to resemble Lord HARTINGTON in being only moderately addicted to the perusal of newspapers. But it is difficult to understand how he could have managed to escape reading or hearing something of the discussions on military matters which have been so frequent during the last six months. It cannot be that Mr. DISRAELI's colleagues are equally ill informed or indifferent with himself. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY has superior information, at least average intelligence, and some regard, it may be thought, to the principles of his party, which has always professed to place national honour before wealth and ease. We know that Mr. DISRAELI is quite capable of representing his speech of Monday night as meaning nothing, and if he thought the proper time had arrived, he could come forward as the exponent of defensive measures. It is, however, customary to look, not only to what a Prime Minister says, but to what he leaves unsaid, and, tried by this test, Mr. DISRAELI's utterances are almost hopeless. The enigmatical style which he affects is never very suitable to practical affairs, and is particularly incongruous with the subject of national defence. It may be conceded that neither the Budget nor the Navy Estimates could be introduced into the QUEEN'S Speech, and Mr. DISRAELI is technically right in saying that the House ought to assume for the present that the Government believes that the state of the national defences is satisfactory, while it awaits details at the proper time. All we say is that this assumption might be much more easily made if Mr. DISRAELI could put a little more clearness and heartiness into his speeches on the subject, and also if it were not in conflict with those rumours which float among a free people. It would appear that, in Mr. DISRAELI's view, the privilege of freedom is to talk about our ruin before it is effected. But for any practical purpose we might as well be slaves. Public opinion is almost unanimous upon this subject; and yet, when a member ventures to refer to it in the House of Commons, he is snubbed, and "sat upon," and made to undergo a little mild satire. And all this while there is a darkness that may be felt on the Continent, and we have got as precaution against emergencies 3,500 extra boys.

SLAVERY ON THE GOLD COAST.

THE overthrow of the Ashantee power has not terminated the troubles of the Gold Coast. There are many unavoidable difficulties attending the government of remote savages; and the English feeling against slavery adds an artificial complication. During the controversy on the proposed abandonment of the settlements after the Ashantee war, the opponents of the retention of the colony urged among other objections the alleged impropriety of becoming responsible for the established system of slavery. It might have been answered that no wise Government hampers itself with abstract and universal rules, and that no Act of Parliament or other authoritative document has at any time controlled the discretion which ought to be

exercised according to circumstances; but there is no doubt that the country unanimously disapproves of compulsory servitude, and the Colonial Minister would be often embarrassed by protests against any maintenance of the system under colonial laws. The slaves on the Gold Coast, if they could have been consulted, would perhaps have differed in opinion from their philanthropic patrons in England. It was much more for their interest that control should be exercised over their masters than that the national conscience of England should remain void of offence through a refusal to undertake the duty of governing the territory. The Levite who walked by on the other side probably felt exempt from the responsibility which was incurred by the less scrupulous Samaritan. A fictitious evasion of the difficulty gave at first general satisfaction. The Government, admitting that it would be impossible to tolerate slavery in a British dominion, determined to call the Gold Coast beyond the limits of the forts, not a colony, but a protected territory. There was no harm in protecting slaveholders, though it would have been culpable to acknowledge them as subjects. The theoretical or technical distinction is obvious, for a Protectorate involves no duty of interfering with domestic institutions. Archbishop MANNING has lately asserted that the POPE, although he claims some indefinite power over baptized heretics, is nevertheless not their spiritual ruler in the sense in which he claims sovereignty over Catholics. In the same manner the Protecting Power of the Gold Coast is only bound to notice internal relations at its own convenience.

Governor STRAHAN, acting, as it must be assumed, under instructions from the COLONIAL MINISTER, has affixed so wide an interpretation to the Protectorate as to make it indistinguishable from sovereignty. It was perfectly right to leave the authority of the Protecting Power in an elastic and indefinite form, and to make the chiefs understand that they must obey orders, even when they differed in opinion from the Government; yet, if any of them had previously understood that they had been deliberately excluded from English allegiance, they may well have been surprised at the first communication which they received from the representative of the Protecting Power. Two or three months ago Governor STRAHAN summoned them to a meeting, at which he informed them that traffic in slaves would no longer be tolerated. As they understood his declaration, there was no purpose of interfering with their existing household arrangements. They were not forbidden to keep the slaves whom they possessed, but no purchase or sale or mortgage was to be permitted for the future. In that simple state of society the usual security for a loan is the personal service of the debtor. Pawns, as enslaved mortgagors of their own liberty are called by the English residents, form a considerable portion of the whole body of slaves. Having announced his intention, the GOVERNOR further informed the assembled chiefs that he had no need of their advice, and that they must at once comply with his instructions. In answer to an application from some of the chiefs he repeated, as it was understood, the declaration that he was not about to meddle with existing servitude. When the despatch in which he recorded his proceedings was published in England, it naturally gratified the opponents of slavery, though some of them objected that he had stopped short of total abolition. Less zealous philanthropists, while they approved of the restriction, and if possible of the suppression, of compulsory servitude, were surprised at the rapidity with which direct administration of the affairs of the Gold Coast had been substituted for the Protectorate which had been sanctioned by Parliament on the proposal of Lord CARNARVON. If the GOVERNOR could at once prohibit internal traffic in slaves, it was difficult to define the limits of his power.

From a petition since addressed to the COLONIAL MINISTER, it appears that the conduct of the GOVERNOR is not so highly approved by the protected chiefs as by Englishmen who purchase the gratification of their benevolent feelings at no cost of loss or inconvenience. It is prudent to receive the statements of the aggrieved slaveowners with a certain reserve. As the document is composed in excellent English, the chiefs may be supposed to have obtained the services of one of the half-breeds or educated natives who two or three years ago amused themselves by devising a representative Constitution. According to the allegations of the petitioners, Governor STRAHAN, notwithstanding his promise of non-interference, has indiscriminately granted certificates of manumission to all slaves who applied to

him for permission to leave their masters. He had already stated that, on proof of cruel treatment, he would liberate any slave; but, according to the memorial, he has dispensed with the preliminary condition. It will perhaps appear on inquiry that the masters and the GOVERNOR have differed in opinion as to the amount of severity which would justify manumission. It is scarcely credible that the GOVERNOR should have granted freedom to all applicants when he might have effected the same object more simply and more completely by the total abolition of slavery. The memorialists further allege that Governor STRAHAN has released all pawns from compulsory servitude without providing any alternative security for the payment of their debts. Their grievance, as it is stated, is serious and considerable; but perhaps there may be some difficulty, even if their allegations are sustained, in granting redress. It will scarcely be practicable to recapture and remit to slavery any freedmen who may have been improperly discharged. Lord CARNARVON will have the firmness to administer impartial justice in future cases, although he may be beset by urgent representations from the professed enemies of slavery. It is possible to do wrong even to barbarians who preserve an antiquated scheme of society which was once universal. It is not improbable that many of them would prefer the lawless oppression of Ashantee conquerors to wholesale expropriation effected by a civilized Protecting Power acting on the most benevolent motives.

There is a wide difference between the slavery of negroes to white owners and the domestic servitude which is practised in almost all uncivilized or partly civilized countries. In Cuba, as formerly in the English West Indies and in the Southern States of the American Union, slaves were purchased or possessed as instruments of profit, and they were separated from the dominant race by an impassable gulf, which has not been entirely filled up since emancipation. In Africa and in the East, slaves, though they may sometimes be exposed to cruel treatment, are by custom and in accordance with the feeling of both parties members of the family of the master. Purchase of a slave, except where it is part of a regular trade, greatly resembles the process of hiring a servant. The practice of treating the persons of debtors as security for their liabilities has probably been suggested by convenience. If the GOVERNOR has unconditionally liberated the pawns, he has probably struck a heavy blow against the credit on which the transactions of the community depend. European morality is better than African, but when the superior race suddenly regulates in accordance with its own doctrines relations which had grown up in a different state of society, it is almost certain that great hardship will be inflicted. The conscientious scruples of the English Government must appear to the natives to be sudden and capricious. The Protectorate which has now been formally assumed existed long before the Ashantee war; but it has not hitherto been thought necessary to suppress slavery among the natives. Lord PALMERSTON, who was an enthusiast in the anti-slavery cause, as on some other questions, once astonished the Porte by a despatch in which he recommended the immediate and total abolition of slavery throughout the Turkish Empire. It is hardly necessary to say that his advice produced no result; and his interference has not been repeated by himself or his successors. In dealing with the tribes which are under the Gold Coast Protectorate, it is necessary to avoid provocations to disaffection. Even an unwarlike population can make itself troublesome to rulers or protectors when it is thoroughly discontented. The native chiefs may properly be prohibited from prosecuting or encouraging in any form the traffic of slaves from the interior. There will be time enough gradually to introduce customs which will be found incompatible with slavery.

THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS BILL.

MR. CROSS introduced the Artisans' Dwellings Bill on Monday in a speech which showed more enthusiasm than is often engendered by the atmosphere of the Home Office, and the preamble of the Bill is in itself a sufficient exposition of the need for bringing it in. Mr. FROUDE's theory that assertions in Acts of Parliament are to be taken as conclusive evidence of the facts which they state is not universally true in the reign of Queen VICTORIA, whatever it may have been in the reign of HENRY VIII. But it cannot be denied that in every large town there are "a great number of" houses, courts, and alleys which, by reason of the want

"of light, air, ventilation, or of proper conveniences, are unfit for human habitation," or that "fevers and diseases are constantly generated there," or that it is "necessary for the public health that many of such houses, courts, and alleys should be pulled down." All these statements are unfortunately true, and have been true for more years than any one jealous for the credit of English legislation will care to remember. Nor will Mr. WADDY's doubts as to the soundness of the aim which Mr. CROSS proposes to himself be generally shared. If Parliament were to "deal with the matter on principles of philanthropy rather than of dividend," it would be merely picking up the cast-off clothes of philanthropists. No one interested in this question now holds that houses should be let below their fair market value. An Association which should indiscriminately help the poor to pay their rents would be merely a Society for giving doles in kind instead of in money. There is no difference between letting a room at eightpence a week which is worth half-a-crown and giving a tenant a shilling every week to help him to make up his rent. The difficulty of finding house-room, and its necessary consequence, high rents, are natural checks upon the common dislike of the poor to leave places to which they have grown accustomed. One great cause of pauperism in London is the artificial attraction exerted by the large sums spent in outdoor relief and in private charity. Many poor persons come to London in the first instance, and stay there afterwards, not because they can earn enough to keep them alive, but because they can eke out insufficient wages from one or other of these sources. Mr. RATHBONE, in a recently published pamphlet on Local Taxation, says that the same process goes on in Liverpool, and the experience of most large towns would probably tell a similar story. If in London or Liverpool rooms were to be had at artificially reduced prices, there would be an additional inducement to poor tenants to stay in a place where so small a percentage of their earnings had to go to the payment of rent. The overcrowding which it is one of the objects of Mr. CROSS's measure to lessen would be increased by the injudicious means taken to check it.

The machinery of the Bill is simple, and on the whole it appears well calculated to answer its purpose. The local authority, on being satisfied of the unhealthiness of a given district within its jurisdiction, is to make a scheme for its improvement, taking care to provide within the same area or in the immediate neighbourhood for the accommodation of as many persons of the working class as the scheme proposes to displace. This scheme is to be published in the autumn, and then laid before the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board. The correctness of the statements on which the local authority has founded its scheme will then be tested by a local inquiry, after which the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board may issue a provisional order directing the scheme to be carried out. This provisional order must be confirmed by Act of Parliament, but the duty of obtaining such an Act is to devolve upon the department of the Government by which the provisional order has been issued, and not upon the local authority. As soon as the confirming Act has been passed, the local authority is to buy the land included in the scheme, either by agreement or compulsorily, the land in the latter case being estimated at its fair market value, as settled by the award of an arbitrator appointed by the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board. The local authority may then sell or let the land to any purchasers or lessees who will undertake under proper conditions to carry the scheme into execution, but it is not itself to rebuild any houses without the express approval of the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board.

It was remarked in the House of Commons on Monday that the means provided for putting the local authority in motion are, at all events as regards London, open to one serious objection. Mr. CROSS said very properly that the purpose of the Bill was wholly sanitary, and that he did not wish to enable Town Councils to make great street improvements for their own glorification. Consequently the local authority is only empowered to act on a representation made by the Medical Officer of Health for the district to which the scheme relates. Whenever he is satisfied that diseases indicating a generally low condition of health have been prevalent in any given area within his district, and is further of opinion that these diseases may be attributed to the closeness, narrowness, and bad arrangement of the streets and houses, and that these defects cannot be

remedied except by the application of the Act, he is, if the area in question is not in the Metropolitan district, to represent the facts to the local authority. But if the area in question lies within the Metropolitan district, he is to represent the facts not to the local authority, which in this case is the Metropolitan Board of Works, but to the Vestry whose officer he is, and the Vestry are to forward his report to the local authority. It is objected that in London the Medical Officers are at the mercy of Vestries composed to a great extent of the owners of the very properties which will be affected by the scheme. Or, as Mr. WADDY put it, they are the creatures of the Vestry, and the Vestries are the creatures of the people who have to pay the rates. Against these objections, however, there are several things to be said. In the first place, there is a very strong professional feeling among Medical Officers of Health, and the income of the post is rarely so good as to induce a doctor to present himself to the world as the creature of the Vestry. Even if to retain the post should be really an object to him, it does not follow that it will be so supreme an object that he will sacrifice his reputation with his brother practitioners and with the public outside the Vestry in order to secure it. In the next place, the opposition, whether of interested vestrymen or of the Vestry generally, to the improvements contemplated in the Bill may be less violent than is expected. Hitherto any interference on the part of the Medical Officer has pointed to additional outlay on the part of the owners of small houses; but under Mr. CROSS's Bill the worst that can come of such interference is that they will be compelled to sell their houses at the fair market value. As regards the ratepayers, the cost of the proposed scheme will be provided by the Metropolitan Board of Works, while any benefits that may result from it will be reaped by the parish to which it relates. It is true that the parish ratepayers are also liable for the rates levied by the Metropolitan Board of Works. But inasmuch as they only come in for their proportionate share of these latter rates, while the whole of the money raised will be spent in the parish, they may be more inclined to favour the scheme than to oppose it. Besides this, there are two clauses in the Bill which promise to remedy any omissions of which a time-serving Medical Officer may be guilty. One provides that, if twenty ratepayers complain to him of the unhealthiness of any street or court in his district, he shall be bound to inspect the houses complained of, and to make an official representation stating the facts of the case, and whether in his opinion the charge of unhealthiness is sustained. A Medical Officer who would resolutely close his eyes and his nose to the condition of certain parts of his district may yet be unwilling to make a distinctly false representation of the facts, when that false representation admits of being challenged and tested. The other clause provides that the Metropolitan Board of Works may, with the assent of the Home Secretary, appoint a qualified officer to make special inquiry into the sanitary condition of any part of the metropolis outside the City of London, and a representation made by this special officer, after inquiry, will have the same effect as a representation by the ordinary Medical Officer of Health. By this means, if any ratepayer is dissatisfied with the action of the Medical Officer of Health, he can ask the Metropolitan Board of Works to interfere, and in a case of gross local neglect would probably gain his end. In these respects, therefore, the Bill appears satisfactory. A more real defect is the absence of any provisions for compelling a local authority to act, supposing that it pays no attention to the representations of its Medical Officer. In London, or indeed in any large town, this is not a danger that need be guarded against; but the Bill includes all towns with a population of 25,000, and it is quite possible that among these there may be more than one obstructive Town Council.

ESKIMO EUROPE.

THERE is a map in Mr. Dawkins's book on Cave-hunting which is at least as striking to the historian as it can be to the geologist or the naturalist. This is the map which shows us the "Physiography of the Mediterranean in the Pleistocene Age." This is the age when Europe was the dwelling-place of the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and other great and terrible beasts; while man appeared only as a very feeble creature, with the earliest and rudest tools and weapons of flint and bone. Of these people the Eskimos are, according to Mr. Dawkins, the existing representatives. To our mind it is a relief

that they should be represented only by Eskimos, and that there should be no fear lest any part of the present inhabitants of civilized Europe should be charged with being the representatives of so very beggarly a race. Some people indeed seem to have a passion for naked ancestors, and they might think it finer to be descended from an Eskimo than from our well-breeched grandfathers who may be seen on Trajan's column. But Mr. Dawkins at least gives no encouragement to so strange a taste. The "paleolithic" men, the men who were contemporary with the woolly rhinoceros, were Eskimos, and nothing better. No man now in Western Europe, Dutch, Welsh, or even Basque, need trouble himself about them. But the point with which we are concerned is that Europe as it was in the times of the Eskimos must have been, if we accept the picture of it drawn by Mr. Dawkins, a land fitted for nothing much better than Eskimos. The *Iliad* and the British Constitution would have been quite impossible in such a Europe as Mr. Dawkins's map shows us. No one could ever have sung of the isles of Greece, the keels of Hengest and Horsa could never have crossed the German Ocean, Venice could never have been Queen of the Adriatic, in a state of things when there were no isles of Greece, no German Ocean, and no Adriatic. In the map of Eskimo Europe there is a lack of all that makes Europe European. If the New Rome had been founded in the paleolithic age, it could not have been set at the junction of two worlds; it would have found itself in the middle of one world, and that a very dull one. Our map cannot in truth be said to show us any Europe at all. Europe, Asia, and Africa are all jumbled together. While the Pleistocene geography prevailed, Attila and Jenghiz would have been quite at home, but Pericles and Chatham, Phormion and Nelson, would have been literally fishes out of water.

When we look at the Pleistocene map we feel that the opening words of the first ode of Pindar are true in a sense which Pindar never thought of. Water is certainly the very best thing; it is water that has done everything for us; it is a series of happy inroads of the Ocean which has made Europe Europe, and has saved us from sticking for ever in the mud of Eskimo times. The Aryan family, the Hellenic nation itself, would have been thrown away if they had been set down in the world which the paleolithic man shared with the woolly rhinoceros. Those were times which allowed of "the passage of Hippopotamus Pentlandi from Candia to the Peloponnese, and thence, by Southern Italy, into Sicily and Malta." There was indeed nothing to hinder him, if so minded, from marching on to the Pentland Hills, and further still; or, we suppose—for the map does not tell us—he might equally have marched to Kamtschatka or the Cape of Good Hope. There is no Mediterranean. The Pillars of Herakles have not been torn asunder. Instead of a Mediterranean and a Euxine we have three detached lakes, with shores of most prosaic outline. All that gives life to a map, the islands, the peninsulas, the promontories, have been swallowed up—that is, of course, they had not yet shown themselves. Such a Europe as we have now, such a Europe as has been since the beginning of history, would have been as much thrown away upon Eskimos as on the contemporary pachyderms. The land was put into a better shape when better people were coming to live in it. The Greeks themselves could not have made islands and peninsulas if they had not found them, but the fact that they found islands and peninsulas ready made had no small share in making the Greeks.

The first thing that strikes one in the map is that there is no Greece and no Italy. Neither the one long narrow peninsula nor the land made up of peninsulas within peninsulas has as yet come into being. Instead of them there is an unbroken mass of land stretching from Rome to Babylon—some would say from the mystical to the natural Babylon—and therefore most likely a great deal further. The *Ægean* is a dead mass of land, so is the Propontis, so is the *Hadriatic*. The *Po* runs through the land that was to be the *Hadriatic*, and finds a mouth between Calabria and Epeiros. The lake which we get instead of the Euxine leaves the outlying Greek land to the north, the peninsula of Cherson and Bosphoros, a part of the great mass of land from which in past Eskimo times it managed to disengage itself. There is no Bosphoros, no Hellespont, no Corinthian Gulf, no Seylla and Charybdis. The question twice fought out on the soil of Sicily, whether that island should be part of Europe or of Africa, could not arise in the Pleistocene age. Europe and Africa are all one. Italy, Sicily, Carthage, make one unbroken continent. So at the east of the Mediterranean, where the same struggle was waged in another great island, there could be no question whether Cyprus should belong to Europe or Asia, to Greek or Phœnician. When Europe and Asia were all one, when those who dwelled in the lands which were to be Greek and Phœnician had no chance of rising above the level of the men of Central Asia or Central Africa—with no scope for seafaring energy beyond a huge lake without an outlet, with no islands, no promontories, no gulfs—the inborn energies of the men of Sidon and Tyre, of Miletos and Corinth, would have been wholly thrown away. In a world of such a shape as this there could have been no room for commerce, for colonization, for maritime enterprise or maritime dominion. Carthage and Athens would have been alike impossible. Set down the most gifted races in such an Eastern Europe as this, and the highest level that they could ever have reached would have been that of unprogressive Egypt. The Egypt of the Pharaohs would have been possible; the Egypt of its Macedonian and Roman conquerors could never have been. In the Paleolithic age the site of Alexandria was inland as well as the site of Corinth.

It is worth stopping to think in this way how the early civiliza-

tion of Europe would have been utterly impossible if the world had stayed in the state in which Mr. Dawkins's map shows it. The thing which makes Europe to differ from Asia and Africa has been simply the Mediterranean Sea. Modern Europe and America have doubtless outgrown the state of things in which such a coast-line as that of the Mediterranean was absolutely necessary for civilization; but that is simply because things in general have, so to speak, physically grown; we can use the Ocean as familiarly as the early Greeks could use the *Ægean*. But if civilization had not begun on the shores of the *Ægean* it would assuredly never have begun on the shores of the Ocean. The geological revolution which changed the map of Eskimo times into the map of Aryan times simply rendered the history of Aryan Europe possible. The peculiar characteristics of the Hellenic man could never have been fully developed except with the help of the peculiar configuration of the Hellenic land, and, in the map before us, Hellas and Asia Minor, forming one mass of land, with merely a lake to the north instead of the Euxine and a lake to the south instead of the Mediterranean, would have been no better off than the land between the Caspian and the Aral Sea.

In the western parts of the Mediterranean the change is less striking—that is to say, the geological revolution which called Greece and its islands into being did not work so great a change in the western lake as it did in the eastern. Because it did not do so, because the western part of the Mediterranean remained more like what it had been in Pleistocene times than the eastern part did, therefore the western shores of the Mediterranean lagged for ages behind the eastern. The western Mediterranean has never been blessed with anything like the islands and peninsulas of European and Asiatic Greece. Therefore the civilization of European and Asiatic Greece came earlier than the civilization of Northern Italy, Gaul, and Spain. In the Pleistocene map, oddly enough, the western Mediterranean is more peninsular than it is now. But that is because it is less insular. What are now islands were then peninsulas. The Balearic Islands appear a peninsula projecting from the greater Spanish peninsula, while Sardinia and Corsica form another peninsula projecting from what, in the absence of a *Hadriatic*, was a vast mainland to the east. It may be remembered that we are here dealing with a lake which has no outlet to the Ocean, no outlet to the eastern lake. Italy joins Sicily, and Sicily joins Africa, and Spain and Mauritania form one land. The sites of Carthage Old and New, the sites of Massalia, Genoa, Barcelona, and Pisa, are inland. In the last case, to be sure, the Pleistocene age has come back again.

From the South of Europe we turn to our own Northern part of it, and we are appalled by seeing that there are no British islands, no Scandinavian peninsulas. There is no Baltic, no German Ocean, no English Channel, not so much as an Irish Sea. The Eskimo and the contemporary hippopotamus might walk on dry land from the site of Galway to the site of Riga as readily as from the site of Riga to Behring's Straits. The Seine has its mouth in the middle of a long coast-line a good deal west both of the Land's End and of Cape Finisterre. In this state of things the actual history of the North would have been as impossible as the actual history of the South. How could Danes, Hollanders, and Englishmen have ever been Danes, Hollanders, and Englishmen, if Denmark, Holland, England had formed part of one unbroken continent, joining on to Russia at one end and to Gaul on the other? The mere marches of the nations westward might possibly have been the same as they actually were, but the nations themselves could never have been the same. The Basque might have eaten up the Eskimo or whoever came between the Eskimo and himself; the Celt might have eaten up the Basque and the Teuton the Celt; but such Celts and such Teutons could not have been the Celts and Teutons of history. Englishmen could not have been Englishmen anywhere but in an island. Danes and Northmen could not have been Danes and Northmen where there was no such thing as a fiord. It was the blessed in-breaking of the sea—it would, we believe, be more scientific to say the blessed sinking of some parts of the land—which has made all of us what we have been. It has parted Scandinavia from Russia, Britain alike from Scandinavia, from Germany, and from Gaul. The process has done so much for us that we should be ungrateful if we were to complain; yet, as we look at the map, we cannot help wishing that in one part of North-Western Europe the process had been carried much further. How much trouble should we have been spared if the sinking had been a little more complete just to the west of us, and if all had been water between Britain and the world beyond the Ocean.

A glimpse at such a map as this shows the real connexion between one branch of knowledge and another. At first sight the physical geography of the Pleistocene age may seem to have nothing to do with the political history of Greece and England. Directly they have nothing to do with one another; indirectly they have a great deal. When we have once taken in how much the history of a country depends upon its physical geography, we cannot look without interest at those geological revolutions which caused the physical geography, and which thereby made the political history possible. It is instructive to look at a map which shows us Europe at a time when Europe had hardly any advantage over Asia and Africa. We learn then that the physical changes which made Europe different from Asia and Africa are really parts, not merely of the physical, but of the political and moral, history of our quarter of the globe. Without those changes our actual history could not have been. We might have been at this moment better perhaps than Eskimos, but certainly not better than Chinese

or Egyptians. The course of the changes which allowed us to differ from Chinese or Egyptians is undoubtedly part of European history. We claim the researches of Mr. Dawkins in the days when our Eskimo *antecessores* used flint weapons and scratched rude figures on stags' horns, as forming at least a preface to the long drama of European history from the union of the twelve towns of Attica onwards.

OLD LETTERS.

THERE is one important class of records which is, we must suppose, becoming rarer every day, because the conditions out of which it grew are radically changed. We mean that sort of sustained family correspondence in which the different members report to one another or to a common centre all that happens of interest to each, and their observations on matters public and private—a correspondence begun when life was opening upon the writers, and persevered in under the joint influences of affection and habit as the readiest channel for first thoughts and unrestrained impulsive judgments. Letters were letters in the days when a large sheet had to be filled. It was necessary to turn over in the mind what there was to say before beginning, and, once begun, there was space to do justice to an event or a topic. When a letter cost the receiver a shilling there was a double motive at work tending to its preservation. The writer's conscience, if he was writing to a home where thought was more briskly current than pounds and shillings, stimulated him to put his mind or memory into it; the recipient scrupled to reduce to its elements what had given pleasure and had cost both pence and pains. Thus letters grew into chronicles, and were preserved as such by loving hands. Keeping letters or destroying them are matters of habit which have their influence on the correspondence. Without consciously desiring that a letter may be preserved, we doubt whether any one could bestow the same amount of thought or picturesque description upon paper which he knows will be torn up after perusal as would be natural to him when letters are not viewed as ephemeral. Most family letters are, we suspect, summarily destroyed in these days, and the fact influences the universal style. The correspondences we have in mind were started at least under another state of things, and consequently have a value as records which altered circumstances deny to the hurried communications, whether brief or diffuse, which have nowadays taken their place.

In almost every case where a letter is worth preserving on its own merits, its merely literary and historical value increases with age. Its main subject may have lost much of its interest, but the whole will incidentally throw light on the times and manners, or the persons, or the questions, concerned in it. And in every collection containing many such letters, besides the local events and family interests which follow in a course and change from day to day and year to year, some central figures will be found to hold their ground throughout. It is curious and pleasant to note by this means the growth of a great name, to see a leader in embryo, to catch the first boyish enthusiasm of contact with genius, and to note how it tells upon the home circle, widening their sphere of interest, and even constituting them members of a party before they knew it, or indeed before the thought of a party was in any one's mind.

It must, however, be admitted that it requires an enormous effort to address oneself seriously to a voluminous correspondence of this sort, whether we are personally concerned in it, or enter upon it on merely literary grounds. In the last case, however, it is work pure and simple, to be undertaken, like many another irksome task, as work sure of the reward of all honest industries steadily persevered in. But, if it is our own past that we are going to encounter, the effort is great indeed. Nor does the labour in this case, when the first repugnance is overcome, ensure the reward which duty done generally brings. Unless we have been through life especially severe and impartial judges of ourselves, some disagreeable rubs and surprises are pretty sure to be in store for us; it is likely enough that we come out of certain critical periods less satisfied with our part in them than we had in the general subsidence of the affair let ourselves expect. We find that a prejudiced memory and self-complacency had between them given us the best of it where we now see that the other party had more to say, and said it better, than we had any idea of. Again, experience shows us how sadly disappointment, failing health, loss of spirit and of hope, injure many a fair promise. We find now, too late, how much these harsh visitations affected character in the case of intimates; not fundamentally, as we once resentfully supposed, but on the surface. If we had only been more patient, more discerning, more tender—more fair and just, as it seems now—some regrets need not have fixed their sting in memory. Why did we not humour irritation and laugh away suspicion? Why did we take so literally what we now see admitted a happier interpretation? If ever the secret of living this life over again is discovered, we should enjoin the preservation of letters as an essential precaution against slipping into new forms of our old errors, and being always merely ourselves, whatever happened.

Keeping letters is a responsibility—so great a responsibility, indeed, that some people destroy them on principle. Letters which would be literary treasures, as well as invaluable aids to the biographer in elucidating character and throwing light on events, letters having their place in years of an active correspondence, have often been

sought for and inquired after in vain. It turns out that their receiver, as a rule, kept no letters. There are sure to be in every intimate correspondence many confidences, many judgments, many records of situations, persons, and scenes which men have no right to leave to the scrutiny of strangers. Consequently, keeping them commits the keeper to a subsequent reperusal, or to a standing order for their indiscriminate destruction if this intention is frustrated. This duty, or self-imposed task, of reperusal comes at different periods of life. A change of house or occupation; failing health; the return (on a friend's or relative's death) of your own letters written at some interesting period; the approach of age, and the like furnish these occasions; and then comes the test of memory. Let no indistinct or weak memory trust itself, even as far as it seems to go, where feeling was once concerned. Nothing but a strong original grip of the facts and images first recorded can be depended on. There are people who have this grip, whose memory cannot be caught halting, who seem to review their past by a continual survey, and thus never to leave hold of it. To some people old letters must be an almost superfluous study; they know nothing of the excitement of the reader, who pursues his investigations with the hopes and fears of an explorer not knowing what he may light on next. But few memories, however retentive, are impartial enough not to colour the image in the process of storing it; and for the rest, when once an impression loses its distinctness, tamper and disposition play strange tricks with exact formal truth. We believe there are few persons to whom an exciting correspondence in which they have been principals, suddenly opened, does not materially change the aspect of a great many points and occasions about which they had entertained no doubt; and he is a lucky man who finds this change to his own advantage. For example, his own youth may stand before him invested with a confidence, arrogance, and hardness for which he was not at all prepared. He is astonished at his boyish joy in vituperation, at his small pity for infirmities, at his intolerant contempt for those who were perhaps his betters. Some of the rougher lessons of life since learnt he feels, with a new and keener sense, to have been not unmerited. On the other hand, diffidence and self-consciousness at the same age prepare for after years many a needless pang, a heritage of painful and often grotesque impressions which an actual review is pretty sure to modify. The reader finds the occasion to have been distorted by a memory gradually relaxing its hold; he acted, after all, according to his natural bent, not by some hideous perversity against it, which is the nervous, uneasy suspicion that had been left on the mind. In both cases the gain of such a review is worth the trouble. In either one can profitably speculate at leisure on the glosses slid into memory by the mere action of prevailing influences on thought and conduct. But, independently of the tendency consequent on human weakness to falsify the records of memory—whether in the act of imprinting themselves, or as they fade—very few memories are safe from the mere oblivion which buries whole sections of the past. Busy men, engrossed in the occupations of active life, have no time for ruminating and storing impressions; and the temporary concentration of thought which characterizes much literary labour, forced to turn abruptly from subject to subject, each absorbing the attention while it lasts, each necessarily cast aside for the next as soon as accomplished, is a habit and condition of mind still more unfriendly to a strong hold over what may be fairly called past, and therefore done with.

For all these reasons, a correspondence from youth to an age more or less mature is a possession to all whom it may concern, if people have the leisure, and we may certainly add the courage, to use it; for old letters have something akin to sleeping dogs and torpid snakes. To rip up old sorrows and grievances and mistakes, to live again the excitements of boyhood, to fight again the battles once of such enthralling importance, to suffer once again the private snubs, the family trials and disappointments, to revive the old loves and hates and successes, to come into close intercourse once more with those who have passed away, to meet friends of another generation who helped to make them what they are, for good or evil, to subject former objects of their admiration or reverence to the test of maturer judgment, to raise the ghost of their old selves and draw comparisons—how eager once where now indifferent, how positive where opinion has turned round, how dictatorial where now hesitating, how loving where now estranged—all this is a judicial process to those who have the courage to face it. The decline of a friendship is among the saddest of this retrospect, bringing back as it does the attractive qualities, the intellect, the tenderness, the personal regard, which have got themselves obscured under subsequent misunderstandings and resentments. There is nothing in which men differ more than in the amount of themselves which they put into a letter; and where a lost friend had this power it is next to impossible for recent rancour to make head against the sudden recognition awakened by some happy touch. Old intercourse may never be renewed, but feeling adjusts itself to a more charitable standard, and henceforth memory reverts to early dates for its specimen traits and images. Such at least should be the result of this clearing, and as it were tidying up, of our past as a moral act.

But these are the solemnities of our subject. In such a correspondence as we have indicated much amusing matter lies buried, much brightness, and some wit; and touches of character too slight to be preserved in any other form, yet full of interest. There we may note the dawn of style. Nothing teaches the art of good writing better than a real endeavour to convey to sympathizing readers new impressions and experiences as they arise. What

better exercise can be set to any one than to hit off a pen and ink portrait, to select the traits which mark individuality, to record with verbal accuracy any racy or characteristic utterance? Time and success remove men who make a figure in the world from these little liberties of portraiture; it is no small recompense for wading through difficult manuscript and pale ink to come upon some vivid and unexpected touch showing us a distinguished man in the light in which he was seen by equals long ago. And more trivial matters, if only treated in the right spirit, are very welcome interludes. Touches of flirtation, antipathies coyly turning to love, quaint gossip, jokes, the absurdities and eccentricities of acquaintances—dress, economies, visiting—all, where the hand is light and the spirit gay, are pleasant things to read of with an interval of years between.

It is a sort of murder to destroy a good letter—a letter instinct with life, feeling, and observation; and some very good ones there must be to constitute a collection worth the trouble first of keeping and then of reperusing. The taste for hoarding and the taste for destruction, both holding a place in every human bosom, find equal indulgence in the task before us. Destruction must come at last to all, but there is a satisfaction in averting the doom for a time. A family must be ill off for heirs if there is no one to succeed to the selection which the contention between these two impulses leaves as a residuum; and it is wonderful what the anticipation of one interested, grateful reader, yet unborn, will do to recompense the labour involved in the task on which we have been commenting.

PENAL LAWS AGAINST HERESY.

ONE of the many collateral questions growing out of the controversy stirred by Mr. Gladstone about the Vatican Decrees concerns the history of persecution, or of penal legislation against heresy, during the Christian era. Dr. Newman has shown conclusively—and indeed, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, it is one of the most telling points in his Letter—that if “the traditions of the old Empire” in religious matters are preserved in the Encyclical and Syllabus of Pius IX., they have also been preserved in the general system of European civilization, and in particular among ourselves. The Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians, as Mr. Buckle testifies, held these principles quite as firmly as the school of Laud, and they have survived in Blackstone, and in the theory if not the practice of English jurisprudence down to our own day. Christianity is still officially declared to be the law of the land, and within living memory the phrase had a very practical meaning. Those who are shocked at the enunciation of the principle in Papal manifestoes are shocked at witnessing “the words, ways, and works of their grandfathers.” Dr. Newman gives various illustrations of the actual recognition of this system in England down to quite recent times, and a writer so little in harmony with him as Mr. Fitzjames Stephen admits that he is quite right in his facts. In some shape or other, though in very various methods and degrees, the punishment of heresy has existed in Europe for fifteen hundred years—ever since, that is, the Empire became Christian. At the same time it is also true that, in some sense, the Church has always disclaimed the responsibility of persecution. *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine* is a maxim of the canon law, and in the Roman Pontifical, a work of the very highest authority, the Bishop, in delivering over a condemned heretic to the secular judge, is directed *efficaciter et ex corde et omni instantiâ* to intercede that he may not be punished with death or mutilation, in the following prescribed form:—

Domine Judex, rogamus vos cum omni affectu, quo possumus, ut amore Dei, pietatis et misericordie intuitu, et nostrorum interventu precaminus, miserrimo huic nullum mortis vel mutilationis periculum inferatis.

It is often said that this only makes matters worse by adding hypocrisy to cruelty, and that the severities which the Church thus affects to deprecate were in reality her own work, and at a word from her, which was never spoken, would have disappeared. And no doubt the principle of persecution is clearly enough laid down in the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, which modern Ultramontanes are bound to regard as infallible, though Bishop Doyle—writing before the Vatican Council—denied in his letter to Lord Liverpool that it had any force at all, inasmuch as, “so far from being received by the Church, it was violently opposed.” For it is there expressly laid down that there are two swords in the power of the Church, the spiritual and material, the one to be used by the Church, the other for the Church, *sed ad nutum et patientiam sacerdotis*. And the sword must imply the power of life and death. Indeed Boniface VIII., the author of the Bull, ruled that Bishops might surrender criminals to the secular arm, knowing that the intercession for mercy would not be attended to; and this was quite in harmony with the general opinion of the fourteenth century. Nor would it be fair to judge the sentiment of that age by the habits and circumstances of our own. Heresy was then to the full as much an outrage on the acknowledged standard of right and wrong as Atheism or blasphemy among ourselves, both of which are still punishable by English law. The Lollards in England and the Albigenses on the Continent were looked on with the sort of feeling now entertained in respectable and religious society towards Mr. Bradlaugh and his allies; with this difference, that in those “ages of faith” a denial of the received belief was far more keenly resented as a crime of the deepest dye than in days when the strictest religionists feel obliged to make some allowance for

the chances of involuntary error or ignorance. Innocent VIII. in 1484 went so far as to excommunicate all magistrates who delayed more than six days to carry out the capital sentence of the Inquisitors, who nevertheless were still obliged to use the form of intercession prescribed in the Pontifical. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the forcible suppression of heresy had been from the first a recognized principle in the Catholic Church, or that the practice was suffered to take root without protest from the most orthodox and influential quarters. The language of the Roman Pontifical represents a genuine tradition, though it had for centuries fallen into desuetude. A glance at the original introduction of capital punishment for heresy will serve to illustrate this.

Mr. Stephen says in the *Contemporary Review* that penal laws against heretics followed close on the conversion of the Empire, and to a certain extent this is true. But so far as the secular power went beyond giving civil effect to the spiritual sentences of Councils in the deposition of Bishops and the like, its action was for some time of a very uncertain and spasmodic kind, and was exerted, to say the least, quite as much in the interests of heresy as of Catholicism. The almost lifelong persecution of Athanasius at the hands of Arianizing Emperors is a case in point. The first example of the execution of heretics is in every way so noteworthy that it may be worth while to dwell for a moment upon the circumstances. Two chief pleas are commonly put forward by those who shrink alike from defending persecution in the abstract and from condemning the conduct of ecclesiastical authority in former ages; it is urged that either the civil power was alone responsible for the procedure, or that—as is alleged in excuse of Elizabeth’s wholesale torturing and hanging of Roman Catholics—heresy was merely the cloak or the accompaniment of treason or some other heinous crime. The doctrines of Wicliffe and Huss, for instance, were notoriously dangerous to the State. Now both these explanations may be alleged, the first with unquestionable justice, in the case of the Priscillianists, who were the first to suffer death for heterodoxy. The facts are briefly these:—In 380 the Synod of Saragossa condemned and excommunicated Priscillian and his adherents, who taught a kind of Gnosticism, and the Bishops Idacius and Ithacius procured an Imperial rescript for their banishment from Spain, which however they contrived by bribing the Court officials to get rescinded. Upon this Ithacius betook himself to the Emperor Maximus, who had just usurped the supreme power and established himself at Trèves, and Priscillian was summoned to answer before a new Synod at Bordeaux. He came, but forestalled his sentence by an appeal to the Emperor, and this appeal to the secular power—contrary to all ecclesiastical precedent in questions of faith or internal discipline—was allowed by Ithacius, who himself became his accuser before the Imperial tribunal. But here St. Martin of Tours, one of the saintliest and most influential men of his age, appeared upon the scene, protesting first indeed against the gross and unprecedented breach of ecclesiastical discipline, but also vehemently deprecating the infliction of civil punishment on the heretics. He at length obtained a promise from Maximus to spare their lives; but as soon as he had left Trèves the persecuting Bishops renewed their importunities, and the Emperor had Priscillian and several of his adherents beheaded. But it is to be observed that he took pains to explain, in writing to Pope Siricius on the subject, that these “Manichæans” were not put to death simply for heresy, but for the practice and encouragement of the most hideous impurities, of which they had been convicted—perhaps under torture—on their own confession. The explanation was not deemed satisfactory, for a solemn protest against the whole proceedings was entered by Siricius, St. Ambrose, and two Italian Councils. Ithacius, a man of luxurious habits and insolent temper, was deposed and excommunicated, and when St. Ambrose afterwards came to Trèves, he refused to hold communion with Maximus. Martin himself, on his return to Trèves in order to intercede with the Emperor for some political offenders, would not hold communion with the persecuting Bishops, and only yielded this point at last as the condition of inducing him to recall the military officers whom he had sent into Spain with a commission to put all heretics to death—a sufficiently alarming measure, as a pale face and peculiar dress were the tests of heresy adopted by the soldiers. To Martin also Maximus had represented the executions as inflicted for crimes within the cognizance of the civil courts. Fifty years later Leo the Great refers in an apologetic tone to this earliest sanguinary persecution, still however on the assumption that the doctrines of the Priscillianists were as utterly subversive of morality as had been alleged; and it is worth noting that they were commonly reported to be a Manichæan sect. For the Manichæans “had a singular power of exciting animosity,” as Mr. Stephen justly observes, though he omits to give the reason, which is however pretty clearly indicated in one of his extracts from the Code of Justinian, where they are described as men “qui ad imam scelerum nequitiam pervenerint.” We may infer from St. Augustine’s Confessions that the charges against them were not altogether without foundation.

It was towards the end of the fourteenth century, in the period intervening between the persecuting enactments of Boniface VIII. and Innocent VIII. referred to just now, that a regular system of penal legislation against heresy began in England with the Act of 5 Richard II. for the arrest of heretical preachers, which was followed up in 1400 by the famous statute of 2 Henry IV. *de hæretico comburendo*, confirmed by 2 Henry V. in 1414, which authorized justices of the peace to inquire into heresies and commit heretics. These Acts remained in full force up to the time of the Reformation. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, after stating that they

were repealed by Edward VI., and, after a short revival during the reign of Mary, were again finally repealed by Elizabeth, adds that the burning of two Arians under James I. was therefore illegal; and he has since explained that the same remark applies to the burnings for heresy which unquestionably took place in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth also—one being the famous case of Joan Bocher, in which Cranmer played so discreditable a part—although these executions are not generally supposed to have been illegal. Serjeant Stephen indeed expressly affirms that the writ *de heretico comburendo* was still in force in James I.'s reign, and Mr. Lecky fixes its repeal in 1677. To which it must be added that witches were burnt much later than that; in England the last execution took place in 1712, in Scotland ten or fifteen years afterwards. And witchcraft was closely akin to heresy, for—whether or not the elaborate dæmonology of the middle ages, with its evil hierarchy of *incubi* and *succubi*, was accepted entire—witches were always punished for the crime of a compact with the devil. But the Act of Charles II. abolishing capital punishment for heresy leaves untouched the power of the Ecclesiastical Courts to inflict, not only spiritual censures, but other punishments, “not extending to death,” for “atheism, blasphemy, heresy, or schism, and other damnable doctrines and opinions.” And this power they still retain, though it has of course long since become a dead letter, except as applied to clerical delinquents. But to the end of Charles I.'s reign it was a very serious reality, being in fact a kind of modified Inquisition. There are also certain provisions of the common and statute law against heresy, blasphemy, and Atheism still in force, to which Dr. Newman refers, in the passage on the Encyclical in his recent Letter, as having been acted upon within his own memory and giving a tone to society and to the publications representing public opinion.

There is a curious coincidence in the view taken by two writers of such widely opposite opinions as Dr. Newman and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, not only of the facts but of the moral deducible from them. Mr. Stephen sets out by disclaiming any abstract theory about persecution, and considers it perfectly natural that sincere believers in Christianity should desire to make the confession of anti-Christian opinions penal, and only proper that sincere disbelievers should either remain silent or be ready to take the consequences of avowing their dissent. But he holds it to be impossible, in view of “several broad, patent, notorious facts” of the present day, to carry out with any consistency or success the system of repression still existing in the theory of the law, and thinks therefore that it had better be frankly and formally abandoned. And he concludes by sketching out a short Act for the purpose. Dr. Newman avows himself in the abstract “an admirer of the principles now superseded”—meaning, if we rightly understand him, such limited enforcement of respect for orthodoxy as was till lately a recognized principle of the English law courts and of public opinion. But he admits it to be impossible to maintain such a system in the present intellectual condition of the world. No Government could be formed on the principle of religious unanimity, and “as a necessary consequence the whole theory of Toryism, hitherto acted upon, came to pieces and went the way of all flesh.” And he only hopes that in centuries to come some way may be found of uniting the freedom of the new system of society with the authority of the old without any base compromise. There can hardly, we should think, be two opinions among thinking men as to the practical conclusion arrived at on independent grounds by these two diverse authorities. No reasonable man, for instance, could desire the “unequal justice” of prosecutions for coarse and vulgar blasphemy, while the subtler, but for that reason far more effective, ridicule of refined and educated sceptics must inevitably go unpunished. The altered condition of things may be frankly accepted even by those who regret the change, and it need not in any case involve an unqualified condemnation of those who upheld a policy which may naturally have been thought tolerable or expedient under very different circumstances. There will probably be many, even among the sincerest believers in a dogmatic creed, ready heartily to welcome the change, in view of the atrocities, the hypocrisies, and the manifold moral and intellectual evils generated by the old system, which never lost the original sin of its parentage from a profligate prelate and a usurping Emperor. Professor Murray of Maynooth, in his written evidence delivered to the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1854, after examining at some length the opinions of distinguished authorities, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, on religious persecution, sums up with the avowal of his own judgment that “the punishment of heresy, *as heresy*, does not fall within the province of the civil magistrate.” His concluding words may be profitably commended to the notice of theologians both of his own and other communions:—

I wish that all parties, Catholics and Protestants, would agree together that heretics should be coerced only by the force of argument, burned only in the fire of charity, cut off only with the sword of prayer and all good works; that not only temporal punishments and civil disabilities, except for civil crimes, should be abandoned, but all angry revilings and recriminations—un-Christian passions under the mask of Christian zeal. . . . For my own part “I have faith in my faith,” and I believe that if we tried only the weapons which the Divine Founder of Christianity has put into our hands, we would come nearer to a united decision on that great controversy which can never be decided by the arms of worldly warfare.

THE TYRANNY OF MOTHERS.

WE have heard enough, and perhaps more than enough, of the social despotism which is exercised by the Belgravian mother. No doubt a good deal of tyranny goes on in fashionable circles. It is hard to believe that every girl one sees going backwards round and round the squirrel cage in the Park can really enjoy it. It is not likely that all the young women at a fashionable crush are enduring heat, fatigue, and dulness, entirely of their own free will. It is impossible that a girl can wish to make friends only in a rank above her own. There must be children of frivolous mothers who, after their first season in London, would prefer to remain in the country during the loveliest months of the year; who would choose a ride on the breezy downs rather than to be broiled in Rotten Row, and enjoy their own blooming pleasure-ground more than a dusty fête at the Botanic Gardens. There must be others who, if they did come to town, would like to cultivate some taste or talent which they possess, instead of frittering away their time between *matinées*, shopping, drives, afternoon teas, and dinners at which they are obliged to appear in order to show they have been invited. But the truth is that the despotism of the Belgravian matron is only a part, and in itself perhaps the smallest part, of a system which is pressing painfully upon a large class of English women, a system for which we can find no other name than that of the Tyranny of Mothers. The old relations of father and son have utterly changed within living memory. It is not that there is less affection or less reverence in the boys of a family, but there is a great deal less of the formal obedience which used to be expected from them. A wise father nowadays sees that he must leave his sons a good deal to themselves, that their thoughts are not likely to be his thoughts, nor their ways his ways. He is content if he sees that this growing independence leaves the deeper ties of love and tenderness untouched. But no change of this sort can be detected as yet in the relations between daughters and mothers. The old traditions of rigorous dependence are carefully preserved. No matter what the age of her daughters may be, an English mother still calls them “the girls.” She transplants the discipline of the nursery to the croquet-ground and the ballroom. She expects them to repeat the conversations they have with their partners. She insists on reading the letters they receive, and dictates the answers they send. She assumes complete control over their time, reading, opinions, religion, and friendships. The social liberty accorded to young and unmarried women in America horrifies the orthodox British mother. Here we can in some degree sympathize with her; her mistake is that, in flying from one objectionable extreme, she rushes into another and a worse. She is shocked at the idea of a girl being able to take care of herself. French fashions with respect to the position of unmarried daughters are much more to her taste. She does not approve of tight-lacing and high heels, but cannot help admiring a young woman who would not dream of having an opinion of her own until she had a husband to whom to confide it. She forgets that French girls do not generally leave their convents until their parents have commenced matrimonial negotiations with the view of settling them in life, and that, if these plans break down, they return to their convent again. An English girl is left to draw for the matrimonial prize as she can, and is thence, if she fails, in a world which her whole system of training leaves her unfitted to face.

But it is not with the larger issues of this question that we wish to deal at present. What has hardly been noticed is the helpless way in which the present system leaves girls at the mercy of the most foolish of mothers. Of course there are plenty of sensible mothers, and if all mothers were sensible, it would matter very little what precise terms of dependence they might require from their daughters. But unluckily all mothers are not sensible. There are frivolous mothers, and bigoted mothers, and fussy mothers, and timid mothers, and coddling mothers, and stupid mothers. But, whether a mother be stupid, or coddling, or timid, or fussy, or frivolous, the girls are absolutely at her mercy. It is hard to make a choice between the despotism of the one or the other; but perhaps the greatest trial to young creatures full of life and energy is the tyranny of the timid mother. She will not allow her girls to skate because Sir John Franklin was lost amongst icebergs; nor to ride because fox-hunters sometimes get their necks broken; nor to row because young men injure themselves in those dreadful boat-races. They may not have a pet dog in case it should go mad, nor any aconite or monkshood in their gardens for fear they should poison themselves. The timid mother forbids her daughters to visit amongst the poor, as they might take smallpox, and will not allow one of them to go alone outside the avenue gate from her dread of garotters. The description which she gives of the neighbouring fields is appalling. She represents them to be the lairs of mad bulls, savage tramps, venomous snakes, and wild horses. Her girls cannot propose either work or play which she does not prove to be encompassed with dangers horrible and hitherto unthought of. In their childish days they were not allowed a rocking-horse for fear it should overbalance, nor a swing in case the rope might break, nor a pocket-knife lest they should cut their fingers. The coddling mother is very nearly allied to the timid one. She is always tying comforters round her children's throats, and applying flannel to mysterious places where it will not stay. She revels in chest-protectors and respirators, and her room is adorned with sticking-plaster and gallipots. She is always intent on proving that every one either has a cold or is taking one; and she may be seen at night in a flannel dressing-gown, going from room to room with gruel, pills, mustard-leaves,

and India-rubber hot bottles. She is constantly discovering obscure signs of some deadly disease in her children. She takes for granted that all her daughters have weak spines, so their beds are destitute of pillows and there is a reclining board in every room. When the coddling mother takes her girls to a picnic she will not allow them to sit on the grass, nor in the sun, nor under a tree, nor on a rock. They must return with her before the dew begins to rise, and are never allowed to look at the moon except through a window. They are taught to be always analysing their sensations, and lose half the pleasures of everyday life. They may not exult in a brave south-wester, get wet in a summer shower, or walk ankle deep in the glittering snow-wreaths. Human nature shrinks from prying further if the coddling mother is also a homoeopathist. Vivisection is nothing to the tortures she will inflict as she sits down with Laurie's *Domestic Medicine* in her hand, to ask questions in order to diagnose the case. The patient soon feels as though every organ in her body was such a mass of disease that even bryonia and aconite, time about every five minutes, will fail to cure it.

The greatest of all tyrants, however, is the pious mother. It is difficult to say what particular injunctions or prohibitions she may deduce from the mysterious Old Testament texts which she is so fond of quoting. She somehow discovers that whist is played with the visiting cards of the Evil One, and will not allow a backgammon-box in the house because throwing dice is tempting Providence. She shakes her head at the mere mention of dancing, being reminded of a sad event brought about by that wicked amusement, and would scarcely have a powder-puff for the baby because of the horrible fate of a late Queen of Samaria. No mistletoe is allowed in the house because it is a relic of heathen customs. On Valentine's Day she waits at the door for the postman, and will not part with any of the letters addressed to either her daughters or her servants until she has seen that they do not contain any frivolous verses or mythological pictures. An enterprising lover has been known to take her in by sending a sanctimonious hymn to the object of his affections; but the fair one, discovering a little bit of satin ribbon, pulls it, and out jumps merry Cupid with an amatory address in his hand. The pious mother will not allow her daughters any books but those she has herself read and approved. Her attention is so much taken up with preparations for another sphere of existence that she has little time for this world and its literary fripperies. They may read parts of the *Record* and a few books on science, if written by a clergyman and published by the Tract Society. The usual result of such tyranny is that the girls borrow the *London Journal* from the housemaid, and third-rate novels from the village lending library. The cook, who manages this latter transaction, probably chooses the books. The superior mother is a relief after the pious mother. She certainly does start most extraordinary theories, but she reads and thinks. One may find her children standing in a row, exercising their left legs like ballet dancers, and their left arms like popular preachers. They are only trying to awaken the right lobe of their brains, on the principle that two heads are better than one. We cannot help being carried away with the idea and join them in this intellectual exercise. Have the Shakers tried these experiments? The superior mother has wondrous plans of education, and is always detailing how successful they are. Some of her children are taught to spell phonetically, so that their spelling is ever afterwards a doubtful quantity. Others are only taught shorthand, and to do all their sums by algebra. She is a Spiritualist, a Positivist, and a Pantheist, by turns, and perhaps takes to chiromancy and casting horoscopes. Through all her vagaries her children must follow her, and change their opinions as often she does. Who can wonder if their beliefs are few!

It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to go on with the list of mothers whose silliness or ignorance makes their tyranny as galling as it is no doubt well intentioned. The fault is far less in such mothers themselves than in the system which makes their defects bear so hardly on their girls. The most terrible result of such a system is seen, not in the temporary suffering or annoyance it causes, but in the social helplessness to which it dooms thousands of Englishwomen. The relations of daughters to their mothers, as those relations are practically worked out in domestic life, prevent a girl from ever fitting herself by education for earning her own livelihood. Thousands of girls have no prospect in life but that of marriage, self-support, or starvation. When a professional man, for instance, has brought up his girls in luxury, provided them with amusements, and taken them into good society, he thinks he has fulfilled his duty. Why don't they marry? At his death they have to shift for themselves as they best may, weighted by the terrible disadvantages of idle habits and a defective education. There is no reason why girls should not be helped to a profession in the same way that their brothers are helped. If their parents cannot provide for them, they are bound to leave them self-supporting. There will soon be an almost unlimited demand for competent teachers in our middle-class schools. There is great need of ladies as matrons of workhouses and other public institutions. There is probably an opening for lady medical assistants. There is no reason why girls should not learn to tune pianos and paint coats of arms on carriages. But, whatever is their calling, they must be educated to it. If children have duties, they have also rights. They must not be expected to earn their own livelihood when they have never been taught a trade; and mothers must learn that training of this sort cannot be carried on by their daughters without a considerable relaxation of the bondage in

which they live at present, and that a character which fits a woman to face the world cannot be formed under the domestic pressure to which girls' tempers are now subjected. All that is needed is that some of the independence which is granted to the boys of a family should be granted to their sisters. They must be left more to themselves. A lady whose children had turned out remarkably well was asked what system of education she had pursued. She answered, "As soon as my babies were able to hold by a chair I showed them I expected they would take good care of themselves. I never 'ran to help them when they fell,' but let them pick themselves up. If they were hurt I did not 'kiss the place to make it well,' but tried to make them laugh at their bumps. I gave them pocket-money as soon as they could speak plain. They learnt the value of money by the time they were grown up. I let them read any books or newspapers that came into the house, and talk to me about them. I allowed them to sit alone if they liked. I gave the girls uninterrupted time for study. They chose their own friends. I have always found them defer to my wishes in the smallest particular. They are helpful, affectionate, confiding, and grateful." Can the tyrannical mothers who weakly indulge and as weakly repress their children say so much?

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IT may not be very easy to say exactly what ought to be done about the Civil Service, but thus much has at least been made perfectly clear by the Report of the Commissioners, that nothing can be more absurd, hopeless, and intolerable than the present system, and that the dead lock which it has produced must come to an end. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has described the proposals of the Commission as reactionary, and so undoubtedly, in one sense, they are; but it does not at all follow that there is any reasonable objection to them on that account. On the contrary, this seems to be a strong presumption in their favour. When a man is sticking miserably in the mud on a bad road, it is no doubt highly reactionary for him to turn round and try to get to his destination by some more practicable route; but most rational persons will be of opinion that this is quite the best course he could possibly take. An emetic which relieves a patient from something which has very much disagreed with him is also equally reactionary and salutary. The truth is that the experiment of open competition, pushed to a fanatical extreme, without any effectual checks or qualifications, has produced the disastrous consequences which were naturally to be expected from it. It is well, therefore, that this mischievous folly should be distinctly recognized, and, if recognized, it follows logically that it ought to be got rid of. Before Sir Stafford Northcote has a right to apply the word reactionary in an offensive sense, he is bound to show that the direction in which the Civil Service has hitherto been moving is the right one. But all the evidence laid before the Commission appears to tell the other way. We may agree with Sir Stafford that a point has been reached at which, profiting by experience, we may hope to establish a really satisfactory system; but that point is, in our opinion, as in that of the Royal Commission, the utter breakdown of the principle of open competition; and the only chance of safety is, therefore, to turn back for at least a part of the way.

The Commissioners go to the root of the question when they say, "It may well be doubted if any examination can effectually test a man's real and permanent capacity for the practical business of life." It is quite certain that a man might be able to pass a Civil Service examination and yet be utterly unfitted to fill a place there by his temperament and habits; or, on the other hand, he might be not very high in the examination list, and yet possess all the qualities which go to the making of a Civil official of the most satisfactory type. Again, the Commissioners justly remark that "the method of choosing and determining the superior officers of an important department for the whole of their official career by the test of passing a literary examination at the age of leaving school or college, is, to say the least, an extremely doubtful one"; and it is added that "the result is not approved in the office which has had the greatest experience of it." That the unrestricted patronage of former days was bad nobody will deny, but open competition has certainly not proved a more satisfactory method of selection when tested by results. It was lately asserted by a competent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who shared none of the vulgar prejudices against an educated bureaucracy, that competition has failed in the Indian Service to afford a sufficient check upon the admission of unfit persons, though the sort of unfitness to be guarded against has changed. As a rule, the successful candidates possess the qualities for which they have been tested, but then this is not all that is necessary, and there is no guarantee whatever that other much more essential qualities will not be wholly wanting. Experience in India tallies in this respect very closely with that at home; and it is impossible to doubt that in various elements of character and social education, the ordinary standard of the Civil Service has ever since the introduction of competition been steadily deteriorating. It was a good thing no doubt that jobbery should be prevented, but what has been substituted has proved to be infinitely more injurious to the interests of the service and of the country; and the first indispensable step towards any improvement is that competition in its present form should be abandoned.

Nothing, in fact, can be more amazing than that in a country like England, where everybody is supposed to be proud of

doing things in a practical way, such a fantastically pedantic and artificial system should have been tolerated so long, or indeed should ever have been allowed to be established. It is obvious that all that can be tested by a literary competition is a very small part of what is required in a civil official above the level of a mechanical copying clerk. It is no doubt proper that a man's fitness on this side of his character should be ascertained; but that is no reason why his fitness in other respects should be entirely disregarded, or assumed to follow as a matter of course. Moreover, the injury which is done by the introduction of doubtful men is greatly aggravated by the rule of seniority on which promotion is conducted. A youth gets into an office on the strength of an examination which is of very questionable value even as to the genuineness of the accomplishments which it is supposed to measure, and which leaves altogether out of view the most important qualifications for the work to be done; and once in, and merely because he is in, and does not outrageously misconduct himself or neglect his duties, he rises steadily by seniority, blocks the way of more zealous and useful men, and oppresses his superiors with the dead weight of his incapacity. Nothing can be more ridiculous in itself than that a man's fortunes for the rest of his life should be thus made to turn upon the lottery of a schoolboy examination, without reference to any subsequent proofs of industry or talent; but the manner in which the prize is bestowed has also an exceedingly mischievous effect, which the Commissioners have not neglected to point out. Clerks, they remark, who have been admitted by open competition are led to look upon their future career as a matter of right, and fancy themselves wronged if they are not as well off as all who have passed the same examination. It is impossible to imagine anything more effectually calculated to produce apathy and stagnation in a public office than to encourage a lad fresh from school or college to believe that he has only once in a way to make a push, with a crammer's help, for a good place at an examination, and that a steady competence will then be secured to him for life without any exertion whatever on his part beyond a decent formal compliance with the rules of the office. The Commissioners point out that, among other differences between private establishments and public offices, able and industrious men have in the former a better chance of promotion by natural selection, while in the public service they remain on a level with men of inferior capacity. This injustice is enhanced by the capricious and arbitrary distribution of duties among the different classes of Civil Service clerks, so that one in the lower division at a very small salary may be doing really more intellectual and important work than another clerk who has had the luck to make his start in the upper grade with higher pay. It will be observed, then, that there are three radical defects which are signalized by the Commissioners—first, the want of adequate checks upon the admission of unfit persons; next, the tendency to degrade promotion into a system of mere seniority, and “this,” they tell us, “and not jobbery, is the real evil of the service”; and, finally, the confusion and injustice which prevail in the pairing off of salaries and duties.

The remedies proposed by the Commissioners, though some of them may require modification in practice, appear to be impregnable in principle. It has been proved by experience that open competition, without any other check as to fitness than that of a literary examination, tends to a deterioration in the character of the service; and it may therefore be assumed that so injurious a system is now doomed. It is suggested that there should still be a competitive examination, much the same as at present, for the lower grade of clerks, who have only common routine duties to discharge, and whose qualifications can be sufficiently tested in this manner. For admission to the higher division, two examinations are proposed—first, a preliminary test examination, in order to weed out incompetents; and, second, a competitive examination in order to determine the successful candidates, who will then be placed on a list in alphabetical order, and be eligible for, but with no legal claim to, any appointment that may be vacant. Here it is that the right of nomination is to come into play as a check upon competition. The Heads of Departments are to be free to choose any of the candidates whom they may prefer, and the candidates, on the other hand, will be entitled, if they please, to reject the offered place, and wait for another chance. The Commissioners cannot of course deny that this is a partial return to the system of patronage, to the extent of giving to the Head of the Department the power to exercise some discretion in the appointment of his assistants; but they justify it on the ground that the examination will keep out any persons who do not possess ample educational qualifications, while the selection by a responsible chief will afford the best guarantee for personal character. In any other sphere of life it would be thought madness to expect the head of an important business to get his work done by assistants in the choice of whom he has no voice whatever, whom he cannot dismiss for even the grossest incapacity, and who, secure of promotion by seniority, have no motive to cultivate his good opinion. Yet this is really the present condition of the Civil Service. It is impossible to fasten responsibility on the chief of an office unless he is allowed a certain amount of discretion as to the composition of his staff. In order to reduce to something like order the confusion which at present exists in regard to work and pay, it is further proposed that the whole service shall be divided into two distinctly marked grades, one a numerous body of ordinary writing-clerks, and the other a much smaller staff of clerks who have to use their heads more or less.

It does not require much reflection to see the practical difficul-

ties which must be encountered in attempting to adapt the Civil Service to the new conditions which are proposed. It is impossible to make a clean sweep of the existing system, and set about building up another from the beginning, while, if a gradual transformation is undertaken, there will be obstacles of another kind. The difficulty of the task, however, is no reason for shrinking from an effort to accomplish it, and it is evident that matters have reached a point at which they cannot safely be left. Something must be done, and it is at least some consolation to reflect that, whatever changes may be introduced, they can hardly make the system more unsatisfactory from almost every point of view than it is at present. The cost of the service is heavy, if not extravagant; yet the public does not get what it has a right to expect for the money, and the clerks themselves are discontented and disheartened. The strain which has hitherto been imposed on the loyalty and good feeling of the members of the service cannot be indefinitely prolonged, and the common-sense proposals of the Commissioners would at least go some way to secure efficiency and content as well as, in the end, economy.

THE JUDGES ON FLOGGING.

ANY doubt which may have been felt as to the necessity of resorting to flogging as a punishment for brutal and cowardly violence will be removed by the strong and almost unanimous opinion which the Judges have expressed on the subject. As a rule Judges are very moderate and cautious persons; somewhat sceptical perhaps, if they have had much experience, of the value of any kind of punishment, and by no means disposed to be severe. It is impossible to read their letters to the Home Secretary without seeing how reluctant they evidently were to come to the conclusion that corporal punishment ought to be extended. Yet in the face of glaring facts they could not avoid the responsibility of recommending it. It appears to us that an opinion which has been arrived at in this manner must necessarily have great weight, and it can hardly be doubted that legislation will be proposed in accordance with the views of the Judges. Chief Justice Cockburn holds that flogging has been found efficacious in putting down the offences for which it is authorized as a punishment by the 26 & 27 Vict. c. 44, and that it should be extended to cases of savage assault. Mr. Justice Blackburn is disposed to think that, on the whole, flogging would have a deterrent effect, especially as it appears to have had that result in the cases to which it has already been applied. Mr. Justice Mellor is of the same opinion, and Mr. Justice Lush speaks very strongly of the practical value of flogging as tested by experience. “When,” he says, “I first went to Manchester, in the spring of 1866, there was a general feeling of alarm at the prevalence of what is called ‘garroting.’ It had increased, notwithstanding that heavy sentences of penal servitude had been awarded at the previous assizes. I flogged every one—as many, I think, as twenty or twenty-one. I went again in the summer of the same year, and had to administer the same punishment to about half the number. I have been there five times since, and have, I believe, only had one such case, and that was three or four years ago. The same result has followed at Leeds and Chester, and the crime has all but disappeared. From what I have seen and heard from the prisoners, some of whom have implored me to give any term of penal servitude rather than the ‘cat,’ and from what I have been told by governors of gaols, I have no doubt that flogging is more dreaded than any amount of imprisonment or penal servitude, and that the suppression of ‘garroting’ is attributable solely to this kind of punishment.” Mr. Justice Quain is no less emphatic. “Flogging,” he says, “is the only punishment, except the punishment of death, that seems to retain any real deterrent power about it.” Mr. Justice Archibald holds that flogging has proved to be of great efficacy in the cases to which it is at present applied, and approves its extension to brutal assaults causing “grievous bodily harm.” While deprecating corporal punishment generally, Chief Justice Coleridge acknowledges that “there are extreme cases in which the cruelty and wickedness of the criminal will justify the infliction upon him of bodily punishment.” Mr. Justice Grove would allow judges a limited power of ordering flogging in cases of savage cruelty, as well as of indecent assaults on women and children. Chief Baron Kelly takes much the same view; and so do the other Barons of the Exchequer. “I have been told,” says Baron Bramwell, “and believe, that crimes of violence have been rife in a town; that a judge at the assize has deemed it his duty to order flogging; that crimes of that character nearly ceased; that a discontinuance of the punishment caused them to be renewed, till the punishment was repeated, with the same result. This is in itself a good thing. And I am by no means sure that, if flogging was persisted in in such cases, it would not have a humanizing effect. I believe it would. I believe that a crime branded in this way by the reprobation of the law and public opinion would soon become odious.” Baron Pollock admits that before he was on the Bench he was against flogging, but five circuits in the Northern and Midland Counties have taught him that the practice has worked well and gone far to put an end to systematic robberies with violence.

On the other hand, three Judges are either opposed to or have grave doubts as to the propriety of corporal punishment. Mr. Justice Keating holds that the existing law, if properly applied, is sufficiently stringent, and that the flogging of adults is a retrograde

practice, and likely to tend to pernicious results. He has never himself sentenced any one to this punishment under the Act as to garrotters, and he knows that Mr. Justice Willes was also opposed to it. The grounds upon which he objects to this form of punishment are, that it is most unequal in its application, a number of lashes which would make one man faint being taken by another with comparative indifference; and that, moreover, it is neither reformatory nor deterrent. Men, he says, were constantly flogged in the army and navy for repeating the same offences; and having himself to follow at Leeds a Judge who had been very liberal with the "cat," he found that the number of cases had considerably increased. To be logical, he suggests that flogging should be publicly applied at the cart's tail, which would of course brutalize the masses. A private whipping, he thinks, has little effect on the public outside, while it hardens the offenders. "It is supposed," he adds, "that a man knowing the punishment to be annexed to a particular crime will avoid it; but I believe that nine-tenths of the crimes of violence committed throughout England originate in public-houses, and are committed under circumstances which exclude all reflection." It is obvious that this argument might be equally used against any form of punishment, including hanging. Mr. Justice Brett thus sums up the question:—"That which is in favour of flogging in certain cases is that it is, in my opinion, clearly a deterring punishment, and that certain cowardly assaults, punished as they now are, increase in number and violence. That which is against the suggested enactment is that it is a return to a punishment which was formerly tried and failed; that it is a punishment which to be of any effect must be applied to powerful men, and which may, when applied to them, lose its effect; that it will necessarily call mischievous attention to inevitable diversity of judgment; and that it may come to be considered to be cruel and barbarous." On the whole, he votes against it, although he apparently would not strongly object to it in certain cases of cowardly assault. Mr. Justice Deaman is opposed to flogging because he has no faith in the *lex talionis*, and prefers penal servitude. We have thus three, or indeed perhaps only two, Judges who object to flogging, while the rest of the seventeen are strongly and unhesitatingly in favour of it as a necessity of the case. When we come to examine the arguments, we find that there is an overwhelming balance of evidence to prove the deterring influence of flogging as far as experience has gone. It appears to be, above all other punishments, that of which criminals are most in dread; and though it is perfectly true that many crimes are committed by drunken men who do not reflect on the consequences of their acts, it is just possible that the fear of the lash may lead them to keep a check on indulgences which are apt to carry them within reach of so unpleasant a penalty. Mr. Justice Keating says the important question is how the man who has been whipped feels, not before, but after the operation; but it seems to us comparatively a very small question. A man must be about as much a brute as he can be before he is liable to be flogged, and the extremely doubtful possibility of brutalizing him a little more is a very small price to pay for the protection of the public. Experience would seem to show that a man who has been thrashed is by no means anxious for another dose. That it is an unequal punishment is only what may be said of almost every other kind of punishment; and the fear that foolish sentimentalists may get up a cry against it on the ground of cruelty is certainly not a reason for refraining from passing a just and necessary law. It is important to observe that the answers of the Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, Records, and Chief Constables which are included in the Parliamentary return fully confirm the view that flogging is usefully deterrent. Colonel Henderson states that the Metropolitan Police have found that it has helped them very much in suppressing garrotting.

We come to this, therefore, that in the opinion of those who are most intimately acquainted with and responsible for the administration of the criminal law, flogging is a necessary and legitimate method of punishment; but the Judges are careful to point out certain limitations under which alone it ought to be applied. Nothing, of course, could be worse than that the whip should be recklessly used as an everyday weapon, or with such cruelty as to create a sentiment of tenderness and sympathy towards the victim. There is a general agreement that it ought to be applied only in very bad cases, and after the fullest inquiry, and that the right to inflict it should be confined to the Assizes or Quarter Sessions. It is also proposed that the number of lashes which may be given should be reduced. At present the maximum is 50, but it is said that no Judge has ever ordered more than 25, and Mr. Justice Lush has given his opinion that from 18 to 24 are quite sufficient. A question has been raised whether this punishment should be also applied to cases of indecent assault, but the Chief Justice suggests that charges of this kind are frequently got up for the purpose of extorting money, and that the possibility of an ignominious punishment following upon a charge might make timid people more disposed to yield to the demands made upon them. However that may be, there can be little doubt as to the advantage of taking Mr. Justice Quain's advice and administering "a moderate birching on the proper place (not to be called flogging) on boy offenders of and under 14 years of age." Most people will, we think, agree with him that children of that age had better be treated, not criminally, but in the old-fashioned paternal way. Not long since he had to try three boys under 14 for having tried to smoke out some rats from a bean-stack and so burned down the stack; and he thought it was absurd under the circumstances, that they should be put on their trial for felony. Another point on which the various authorities were asked to give

their opinion was as to the expediency of giving an extension of jurisdiction to the magistrates at Petty Sessions, and the Judges are pretty much of one mind in thinking that, on the contrary, the magistrates have rather more power than they ought to have already. It is tolerably clear that a great deal of mischief has been done by magistrates dealing summarily with cases of a very aggravated character which ought to have been sent on to a superior tribunal, and it is suggested that they should be prohibited by a distinct legislative enactment from taking this responsibility on themselves. This is obviously, as Sir J. Coleridge remarks, "a very delicate matter"; but there certainly seem to be strong reasons for believing that a change of this kind would be beneficial.

ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

WHEN the observances of a year of Jubilee were last appealing to the conscience of the Roman Catholic world, the British Protestant public was busily occupying itself, amidst the other cares of a somewhat eventful year, in planning and carrying out the destruction of a memorial of religious life as it existed in England before the Reformation, which presented a peculiarly suitable object for the energies of the advancing century, because, while its position was in the very heart of London, it was perfectly unique of its kind. When the enlightening spirit of the age, represented by the growth of commerce on one hand and by the matured wisdom of an unreformed Parliament on the other, had swept away this obstructive relic of the dark ages, there would be nothing remaining like it on the soil of the three kingdoms. It would have been of small avail to plead for the doomed Foundation, in arrest of the fatal "*Le Roy le veult*" pronounced on June 10, 1525, that its very existence bore witness to the stern independence with which the English Church and Crown had held their own against Roman claims nearly three centuries before the Reformation was heard of. Probably no antiquary of the time understood the significance of the long contest between the Crown and the Priory of Aldgate in the thirteenth century, and certainly the public would not have cared a straw about the matter. Anyhow, it came to pass that in the Jubilee year of 1825 St. Katharine's Hospital near the Tower was carted away as builder's rubbish to make room for St. Katharine's Docks. It is not too much to say that such a scheme, postponed to this present year of Jubilee, would have been about as likely to find favour with either London or Westminster as a scheme for carting away the Tower or leasing it in perpetuity to Mr. Barnum. Architecturally, however, the loss occasioned by the destruction of the then existing buildings is probably not a matter of very serious importance. Of the ancient cloisters and domestic portions of the group nothing had been preserved, and the whole architectural interest of the place centred in the collegiate church, which consisted of a choir of the fourteenth century, with nave and aisles of the fifteenth, the nave being slightly longer than the choir, which was sixty feet by thirty, with a height of about forty-five feet throughout. A small wheel of St. Katharine, of four feet diameter, in the head of the great east window, surmounted a larger circle of ten feet, from which all inner mouldings had disappeared, and no other feature of interest is shown in the plans and engravings of the church; while the stalls and woodwork of the choir, whatever may be their value, are still preserved in the Regent's Park. On the whole, perhaps, there is no instance of ecclesiastical "plundering and blundering" in the past to which the old proverb as to the utility of crying about spilt milk so little applies. The milk in this case was not so much spilt as run away with when nobody was looking, and it is all available at this moment at the cost only of a little care and patience. An estate of at least eight or nine thousand a year, which will in thirty years amount to about half as much more, may not be worth the notice of a modern brewer or iron-man; but, as the revenue of an ecclesiastical foundation, it is very fair as times go, and might represent a reasonable amount of "dignitariness," combined with a not useless contingent of work. During the past ten years we have on two or three occasions noticed in these columns a casual investigation by amateurs or an inquiry and report by Commissioners in the matter, of which nothing whatever has come, the public and Parliament having been busied with the bigger fish in the sea of politics.

But the public mind is now not busied about anything, and Parliament has not a question before it which by any fanning can be made to appear as "blazing." At the same time people seem to have made up their minds that some kind of ecclesiastical work is to be done in this Session; and if such be the case, the work may as well be useful as not. When Lord Lyttelton's proposals for the extension of the Episcopate were under consideration a few years since, it was whispered that, in the opinion of a very influential dignitary, supposing the means of maintaining a Bishopric of St. Albans to be forthcoming, the provision for a Dean and Chapter might not be far to seek. Whether any plan would be either practicable or desirable by which a part of the caputal revenues of St. Katharine's might be diverted to St. Albans is a question beyond the scope of our present remarks; but the Foundation of Queen Matilda and Queen Eleanor is, as we have already stated, absolutely unique; and to break it up for the purpose of constructing an ordinary Dean and Chapter would be an act of the merest utilitarian barbarism. Carvings from

Glastonbury Abbey do indeed make very durable copings for walls, and excellent metal for turnpike roads exists in the once tessellated pavements of Wroxeter; but the traveller who takes note of the results breathes anything but a blessing on their contriver, or on the fate which has brought them to pass before his eyes.

The Collegiate Chapter of the Royal Hospital and Free Chapel of St. Katharine near the Tower, which still retains even its ancient style, consists of a Master, three Brethren Priests, and three Sisters. No act of the Chapter is valid in which any one of these three divisions is unrepresented; and the Chapter, if described by the more customary modern names, would be said to consist of a Dean, Canons, and Canonesses. No other English Religious House has survived to our times in which ecclesiastical rank is held by ladies. If any of our readers are in doubt as to the correctness of the terms we use, they may satisfy themselves by a reference to the *Clergy List*. But this is not all. The three divisions of the Chapter can be shown to stand in three distinct positions of historical relation to their predecessors on the ancient Foundation. Of the position of the Lay Master we have spoken in former articles, and it is evident that he does not in any way represent the original Master, who by the constitution of the society must be a priest. His patent, granted by Queen Adelaide, no doubt contains, as did Sir Herbert Taylor's, the familiar "dispensing clause" which was among the firstfruits of the Reformation. The three Brothers, priests, correspond to all outward appearance with their predecessors seven hundred years ago in the Chapter, as they do in fact with the priests whom they follow in unbroken order as incumbents of the Chapter benefices. But their title by succession will not bear the test of historical investigation. They are, if we may be allowed to speak with some confidence after very careful inquiry, a restoration—on the ancient lines, it is true, but still a restoration only—of their special portion of the edifice, ruined under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and re-erected under the Stuarts. But the three Sisters have preserved the ancient house in its integrity, and represent in continuous unbroken succession the line of religious ladies who bore, from the days at least of Queen Philippa, the Wheel of St. Katharine on their habits, and served God and the Church in their once beautiful sanctuary and among the surrounding poor of the East End of London. It is true that their nomination for almost a century may, or probably must, have been held in commission. By a singular piece of good fortune, the patent of appointment of a Sister in 1509 has been preserved in the Public Record Office. Patents granted by the Queens Consort and Dowager, the ordinary patrons of the Hospital, are not so preserved; but on the 1st of June, 1509, only two days before his first marriage, Henry VIII. exercised his interim right of patronage as sovereign by nominating "Margieriam Pole" to be a Sister of St. Katharine's in the room of "Elene Litley," deceased. The glories of St. Katharine's appear to have reached their highest point under Katharine of Aragon as patroness. Under Katharine Parr, the Royal Commissioners seized on the foundation in February 1545-6, though the appointment of the first Lay Master, Sir Thomas Seymour, is said to have been made by her as Queen-Dowager in 1 Edw. VI. From the date of her death in the year following till the accession of James I. the patronage was of necessity in the sovereign; and during that period no trace of any Royal nomination of either Brother or Sister of St. Katharine's Hospital has been found in the Public Record Office. The inference is that all such appointments must, if made at all, have been made by the Master; and, without now entering into any question affecting the Brothers, we may state it as absolutely certain that the Sisters continued to exist in perpetual succession, together with the minor or sub-foundation of the ten bedeswomen. These ladies held their own even in the face of the Commissioners of 1546, whose brokers did not enter their lodgings or appraise an article of their furniture when Church, Vestry, Master's House, and Brothers' and Chaplains' quarters were mercilessly ransacked and every article found in them catalogued and valued for the Crown. Again, when, some fourteen years later, in 1559, Queen Elizabeth had devised a singular scheme for appropriating the ecclesiastical revenues of St. Katharine's to the expenses of the Tower, there appear among the items of fixed and necessary charge a sum for the maintenance of "iii susters," and another for "x pore women," while no mention is made of any "brothers" existing or possible. There are, indeed, "ii prestes to sarve the cure," who are to have 10*l.* each, besides "the pitts of the Easter boke," and there is "a clerke to sarve the churche" for 8*l.*; for St. Katharine's was the parish church of the Precinct, which now contained a large population. Later still, in 1564, a formal document put forward by Sir Thomas Wilson in support of his claim of exemption from firstfruits and tenths asserts that St. Katharine's Hospital consists of female members only, and that "aliquid Collegium S. Katharine non existit." It is thus abundantly evident that the ancient succession of this venerable foundation has been preserved continuously to our own day entirely through the Ladies of the Chapter. They have in past times been careful depositaries of its traditions, and zealous guardians of its rights. It was "specyally of an old honest woman that had bene sister, of the hospitall above fourtie yeres, and died but in Lente last, as could well reporte it," that Dr. Mallett, the Clerical Master appointed by Queen Mary, had "lernyd how that house was usid, and what ordre was kept thereyn for fiftie yeres or mo before the lord admirall." The date of this paper is in 1559, and the venerable Sister who had so seen her house in its grandeur and its decay had evidently been ap-

pointed by Katharine of Aragon. The full capitular rights of the Sisters, long in abeyance, seem to have been finally restored under Lord Somers's orders, made on his visitation in 1698; and an interesting paper in the possession of the Chapter which has not been published, but which was read in the course of the Charity Commissioners' Inquiry in 1865, contains, we believe, a similar illustration of anxiety for the well being of the Foundation, shown on her death-bed by a Sister of that period.

To the flagrant scandals and abuses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has succeeded in the annals of St. Katharine's Hospital a period of orderly and decorous repose. It is now in what was half a century ago the normal condition of an ecclesiastical corporation, the deep slumber of a group of dignified sinecures. Its estates have been managed as the estates of such bodies were wont to be managed, and are open to similar improvements of system. Of the existing Chapter it need only be said, in order to establish an absolute individual and collective claim to public respect and confidence, that every member of it has been personally and privately appointed either by the late Queen-Dowager or by her present Majesty. The sole contention of all the criticism directed during the past ten years against the condition and administration of the Hospital, has been that a Capitular Foundation so ancient, so remarkable, and so complete, ought not in the present age to be withdrawn so entirely from the work of the Church and from the light of day. We have not space remaining to suggest, even were it desirable that we should do so, in what way the dignity and the usefulness of St. Katharine's might be restored; we have simply to repeat our protest against any kind of tinkering which would turn out as its result a commonplace Dean and Chapter, with possibly a middle-class school annexed. In a time when it is the fashion for women who are, or suppose themselves to be, educated and gentle to go about shrieking after prominence in callings and positions which do not, and never did, belong to them, and when women not unfrequently parade minds so strong that men have need of strong stomachs to endure them, it is something to be able to show an Order of ladies which, while combining ecclesiastical dignity, the prestige of seven centuries and more, and a personal association with the Queens of England, is at the same time both well endowed, and capable of the enlargement contemplated and in fact directed in its earlier charters of foundation. Honours in such an Order, so conferred, might well direct the energies of aspiring women of culture into paths where they would be guides for others; and more than one name will at once suggest itself to our generation as eminently fitted for such honours. The status of membership in a mediæval sisterhood, however attractive it may appear to minds of a special class, is not such as would commend itself to the general feeling of our time in connexion with queenly patronage, and the restoration of St. Katharine's Hospital need not, therefore, include among its details of revival the "*Mantillum nigri coloris vel saltem ad nigritudinem tendentis signo rote Sanctæ Katharinæ signatum.*" Even the Wheel of St. Katharine, however, might be susceptible of artistic treatment in the hands of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell; and a very high authority indeed has laid down the general rule which governs all such cases—"You know you have a right, whatever your decoration, to have it expressed in brilliants."

ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING.

A CEASELESS supply of little books offers itself where all books are useless. There are manuals of riding, dancing, and fencing, and we have now before us a Manual of "Vocal Gymnastics and Gesture," which is probably intended for the guidance of aspiring performers at Penny Readings. The practice of elocution is lamentably neglected, but useful practice can only be under a master, and the attempt to improve oneself by the study of any book is likely to have a ludicrous result or none at all. This, however, is not the opinion of the authors of this Manual, who seem to think that not only elocution, but accompanying action, can be taught by rules and diagrams. They lament that the ancients did not possess the art which they have invented of "notating gesture"; but as we find the notation unintelligible in English, we fear that it would not have added much to our appreciation of Demosthenes or Cicero. The original inventor of the system of notation was the Rev. Gilbert Austin, who published a book on the subject in 1806, of which this manual is an abridgment. There is a chapter on the motion of the arms and hands, from which we learn that John Kemble in *Hamlet* used the "double sweep" with fine effect on the words:—

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Readers can perhaps imagine what the "double sweep" is, but if they cannot, so much the worse for them, as we cannot explain it. The "flourish" is defined to be "a circular movement above the head," and that is certainly intelligible, although we fail to see how it can be appropriate in oratory. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if public speakers carried cudgels in their hands; and the same may be said of "throwing" and "striking," which are also enumerated among oratorical gestures. By a strange omission, "pumping" is left out of the catalogue, although, as we all know, that is a gesture in which the more solemn orators much delight. Neither is there any mention of "sawing," although

Shakspeare gives us to understand that this gesture was usual with players of his time. It should be noticed that one of the authors of this manual is an American, and "when the details of calculation and finance are to be laid before Congress" he recommends "discriminating gestures," which are perhaps more particularly applicable when the subject of the speech is differential duties. We have heard that, when Sir Robert Peel asked "What is a pound?" he pulled out a sovereign and held it up by way of answer to his own question. But in general we should think that gestures of any kind were out of place in a financial speech. It is possible that such gestures as "throwing" and "striking" may be considered suitable to Congress in its more excited moments. We should also think that "magnificence of gesture" is a Transatlantic product, and we should like to see it applied by a proper system of notation to some choice specimen of American oratory—as, for instance, to that speech of plaintiff's counsel in an action of trespass which declared that, if the defendant's pigs were to be permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of his client, then had patriotic ancestors fought and bled and died in vain. Magnificence of gesture is effected, says the Manual, by "detaching the elbow completely from the body, and unfolding the whole oratorical weapon." It might be hastily supposed that the debate in Congress or elsewhere to which this gesture is considered suitable had reached the exciting stage of a free fight; and indeed the gesture might be described in simpler language as "hitting out freely with the left." "The action" is to be "flowing and unconstrained," and "the preparations" are to be made in "graceful curves." The action of the lower limbs is to be "decisive," and a considerable space is to be traversed "with firmness and force." We could understand these precepts if they concerned a round in the P.R. where, after dodges, shifts, and feints, the Brummagem pet "bores" his opponent to his corner. Perhaps when John Kemble as Hamlet made a lunge at Polonius, exclaiming, "Dead, for a ducat, dead!" the careful Mr. Austin noted that the action of his lower limbs was "decisive," as in one sense it certainly was.

These vague directions are little helped by the illustrations. "When the public speaker aims at persuasion, as in discourses from the pulpit for public charities, he will naturally use more graceful, more flowing, and more varied gesture." Here we seem to be coming to something practical. Let it be Hospital Sunday, and suppose a man in church intending to give a shilling, the problem is how to make him give half-a-crown. But all that we learn from the diagrams is that you may hold your hands up or down or out. We do not want dotted lines to teach us to move our arms. The motions might be graceful or awkward, and if a learner had studied this or any book carefully, it would probably ensure his making himself ridiculous. The utmost that we can concede to the authors is that there may be some system of gymnastics specially suitable to give ease and grace to oratory. The ordinary exercises, such as dancing and fencing, have been thought sufficient for the purpose, and we doubt whether they could be improved upon. Nevertheless there could be no harm in one of these authors, if he could get a class, elevating himself on a table, and performing "extension motions," as a drill-sergeant would call them, as a model for learners. But the absurdity of their treatise is that it assumes to determine the particular gesture that is appropriate to each word or sentence of a speech, and then attempts to describe that which has been so determined. The speech of Satan to his legions has been chosen for illustration by diagrams, and we observe that on the words

Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven once yours,

four successive gestures are indicated, in all of which the feet retain the same position, while the arms are extended, and move at various angles in the same vertical plane. These gestures might, therefore, if it were worth while, be described in words with tolerable simplicity. The Manual describes with sufficient clearness certain positions of the feet which it recommends in oratory, and as regards the arms, it might be sufficient to indicate the angle which each should make with the perpendicular of the body. This might be done, supposing it to be worth while, which we do not think it is. But in the next line of the speech we find, as might be expected, that Satan has changed the windmill-sails movement of his arms and hands for other and more complicated arrangements. Quitting the vertical plane and the extension, there are an incalculable number of movements which may be made with the arms, hands, and fingers, and each of these movements of one arm and hand may be combined with any movement of the other. A selection of the gestures thus produced is applied to the successive sentences of Satan's speech, but it would be extravagant to pretend that the particular gestures chosen have any special suitability, except indeed that it may be proper on the words "with scattered arms" to throw the arms as far as possible from the body.

We may, however, concede that the gestures proposed for this speech are unobjectionable, and even that something might be learned from a book which should illustrate other speeches in like manner. But when we come to the system of "notation" which is to supply the place of diagrams both faith and patience fail us. The system is applied in the Manual to Gay's "Miser and Plutus," and here is an example of it:—

B v h f j
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
r r i.

The letters "B v h f j" stand for "both vertical, horizontal, for-

wards, rejecting." The letters "r r i" mean "retire, right foot, first position." If, therefore, we had before us merely the passage thus noted, we must make what we could of it, and probably we should not make much. But this particular line of the poem happens to be supplied with a commentary as follows:

This gesture is thus made: both hands are drawn backwards, nearly to the mouth, in the vertical position; the eyes at this time are directed forwards; the hands are then pushed forwards; while the face is averted; and the feet retire, to a greater or less extent, in proportion to the degree of disgust or abhorrence to be expressed.

These directions may or may not be judicious. They are at any rate intelligible, and they are a fair specimen of the sort of directions which might be, and no doubt are, given to pupils training for the stage. Many such directions, some of them very absurd, have been orally transmitted to successive generations of actors. That which is useful for the stage may also be useful with modifications for the pulpit, court, or assembly. But we do not believe that any good can be done by manuals. Hamlet's instruction to the players comprises all that can be said in the way of general directions, and any attempt to come to particulars must be either absurd or unintelligible. We must allow, however, that some of the precepts of this book are sufficiently explicit. It begins with a complaint that few public speakers in America can deliver a discourse without having half the body concealed by a desk or table. "The orators of classic Greece never ensconced themselves behind elevated desks, nor stood upon all fours, as some of our public speakers do." They needed no screen to conceal uncouth attitudes and awkward gestures from the eye of criticism, "nor had occasion to present the crown of the head, instead of the face, to the audience to hide the blush of ignorance." It may be feared that both in America and England ignorance is more common among public speakers than shame in it. Indeed the orators for whom this Manual was written must be very ignorant, and we doubt whether they will get much good from it. They are told not to say "burholds" for "beholds"—a piece of advice which is perhaps necessary and certainly unobjectionable. So they must not say "hosmun" for "horseman," nor "monnucks" for "monarchs," nor "softies" for "soft eyes," nor "bridle" for "bridal." A selection of pieces suitable for recitation is appended to the chapters on "articulation" and "gesture," and we select the above from the frequent warnings of the footnotes. It may perhaps be suggested that a common education would suffice to prevent such blunders as are here indicated, and that a person who says "bridle" for "bridal" could hardly expect to be listened to at a Penny Reading, nor indeed at a public meeting, unless he were a very rich and important person in his neighbourhood. The compiler, in his anxiety to set everything right, has introduced a word here and there in his selections from Shakspeare "in order to make the language good English." He gives a quotation from "that distinguished elocutionist," the Rev. Gilbert Austin, by which it appears that in the play of *Douglas*, on the words

Jehovah's arm
Snatched from the waves, and brings me back my son,

the right arm is to be "elevated backwards" and the left "extended forwards" horizontally on the first two words, and accordingly Mr. Austin placed the letters "eb-hf" over these words. The present editor supplements Mr. Austin's work by observing that "another gesture" is required on the word "son," but he does not explain what gesture, and we have read the Manual to so little purpose that we cannot supply this omission. It appears that Mr. Austin was not one of those who applied strictly Hamlet's precept to suit the action to the word; for neither "eb" nor "hf" has any application to pulling a man out of the water. Perhaps he intended to convey the idea of omnipotence by representing a man pulled out of the water by pushing him into it. Mr. Austin complains that, in teaching declamation, "he often forgot on a following day his mode of instructing on a former," and so he invented his "system of notation" in order to establish in his instruction a "uniformity" which we think entirely superfluous. Even among soldiers minute accuracy of drill is not now esteemed as it was sixty years ago. To ensure the doing, not of the same thing always, but of the right thing, is the object of rational instruction. In skirmishing drill it is not possible to conceive all shapes and positions of obstacles, so as to lay down beforehand the exact movements of legs, hands, and body in passing them. Nor is it more easy to calculate in advance every gesture of an impassioned speech. A preacher aiming at popularity ought, according to this manual, to mark certain passages in his sermon with "st" to indicate that "the whole forearm, and the hand along with it, descends from a higher elevation rapidly" upon the cushion and makes the lamp-shades tremble. But we doubt whether the drum ecclesiastic was ever beaten effectively according to rehearsal.

THE SPORTING WRITER OF THE PAST.

THE enormous development of the sporting press makes it difficult to believe that fifty years ago there was only one newspaper paying special attention to sporting matters. Yet the series of articles which *Bell's Life in London* is now reprinting was, as we understand, the only thing of the kind which existed at the time when they appeared. After the lapse of more than thirty years, a detailed history of a great race or match has almost

an antiquarian interest, and the mention of the St. Leger of 1843 carries us back to the time when Lord George Bentinck had not yet relinquished the Turf for politics, and when Mr. Greville in a smaller way combined the two. We do not know whether Mr. Greville's Memoirs have been reviewed from the sporting point of view, but it is not likely that the all-seeing eye of *Bell's Life* has overlooked the fact, emblematic of the dignity of racing, that a Privy Council was put off in order that the Clerk might attend at Egham races. The proper subordination of business to pleasure was never more satisfactorily exemplified, and in the same spirit we invite attention to "Nutwith's St. Leger" as the most important incident of the year 1843.

We are told that Mr. Bowes's Cotherstone went to the post for the St. Leger in 1843 with a reputation that had been well earned. As a three-year-old he had run in five races without defeat, including the Derby. He encountered all sorts of dangers from those interested in making him safe before this race, which he won by two lengths, beating, among other horses, Lord George Bentinck's Gaper, who, as a two-year-old, had beaten him in the Criterion. We fear that, in spite of the authority of the present Premier, who invented Lord George Bentinck's statesmanship, the public has an invincible tendency to regard that nobleman's career upon the Turf as more important than that which he left unfinished in the House of Commons. He was at any rate the foremost figure in the racing world of 1843, and next to him perhaps may be placed the trainer John Scott, who arrived at Doncaster on the morning of the race, riding on a van which contained the two favourites for the St. Leger, Cotherstone and Lord Chesterfield's Prizefighter. William Scott, brother to the trainer, who had ridden Cotherstone in the Derby, was prevented by an accident from wearing the "all black" in the St. Leger, and the mount was given to Frank Butler. The preliminaries of the race are described with some minuteness, and we gather that the public could not quite make out with which of the two favourites "the party" meant to win, but rather inclined to prefer Prizefighter, although believing that Cotherstone was the better horse. It was hardly doubted by the public that one or other would be first past the post. The reporter was struck with the falling off in the company at the Grand Stand, where, he says, the display of beauty and fashion was very moderate, but it must not be hastily assumed that Doncaster was then going down. Perhaps the reporter did not see with the same eyes that he had a few years before. Vehicles of all descriptions came pouring into the town, but there were no "specials" from London and the great towns of the North, and the character of the meeting was still chiefly local. Everything was on a smaller scale than it is now, particularly in the literary department. This, which we are quoting, was, we believe, the only full account published of the race, and it is not elaborated as such compositions are at the present day. Nutwith had run Prizefighter to a short head at York, and he had a small but sturdy band of followers. One of them, being perhaps insufficiently instructed as to the commercial value of a "good thing," proclaimed with stentorian voice in front of the enclosure that "Nutwith would win and nothing else," and was laughed at as another prophet come to Doncaster. John Scott recommended those who were privileged to approach him to back both the favourites, but his preference seemed to be for Cotherstone. The race lay between his pair and Nutwith, and a magnificent finish produced excitement beyond description. We have improved, if not in racing, at least in writing about it since that day, and nothing is beyond description now. "Cotherstone was on the off side, Nutwith in the middle, and Prizefighter next the rails, and so close were they together as almost to touch. Marson rode with his usual quietness and with unshaken nerve to the last moment, making his final rush with a precision that crowned him with well-merited success." The crowd believed it was a dead heat, and after the numbers went up many insisted that Butler had the race in hand at the Stand, but, Newmarket-like, tried to win too fine. But Butler answered that Nutwith could go with Cotherstone in any part of the race, and this Marson confirmed.

It was open to the natives to maintain that, if William Scott had been on the favourite, he could not have lost, and it may be allowed that a local preference was never better founded than in his case. It was also of course said that Cotherstone was sacrificed to Prizefighter, but this perhaps was giving to the party, or supposed party, credit for more ingenuity than it possessed. At any rate, we are told that Mr. Bowes's instructions to Butler were, if he did not find the pace good enough, to make it so; and this, says the writer, he believes was Butler's endeavour, but he found Nutwith always with him in the race, winning by the turn of speed at the last moment. The reporter concludes that it is impossible to please everybody, and recommends the consolation of philosophy to those who had pinned their faith rather too closely to Scott's stable. Nevertheless, all seemed to agree that Cotherstone was the best horse in the race, and that, if it were to be run over again, he would win it. This, however, was matter of opinion, but the writer was sure that the race was the most brilliant ever run at Doncaster. We do not say that a better race has been run since, and we do say that many worse descriptions of races have been written. The Special Correspondents have spoiled this as well as many other styles of journalism. As an appropriate pendant to the foregoing, we may notice another reprint of a walking-match which arose out of the circumstance that one of the competitors had walked from London to Doncaster races and back. This young man's father was a bootmaker, and perhaps he took to pedestrianism for the same

reason that the Roman cobbler took to politics—namely, to wear out the soles of those who followed his performances. He walked to Doncaster—a hundred and sixty-four miles—in three days, and returned in the same time. We heard lately of an American in search of engagement as a journalist who undertook to walk from Chicago to St. Louis at the rate of eighty miles a day, "if the track don't give out," but we do not know whether he walked as well as he talked. Forty years ago it was common for the men of Yorkshire and adjoining counties to walk through the whole night in order to reach Doncaster for the St. Leger, and we may admit that in this respect special trains are not an unmixed advantage. The concourse of former years was not particularly sober, but a man who walked for a dozen hours could carry a deal of liquor safely. The general out-turn of Sheffield and other towns in gigs, on horses, and on foot for Doncaster, was probably more healthy than any holiday that is taken by the same classes now, and at least it was free from the perils of excursion trains. The enterprising young bootmaker met a better man than himself in his first match, which came off "by the side of the palings of Earl Spencer's park, towards Wimbledon." We believe that now such matches always take place in enclosed grounds, partly for the sake of "gate money," and partly because the crowd which is ready to collect at every such event would otherwise be unmanageable. Not only the style of writing about sport was undeveloped forty years ago, but sport also and the taste for it were within more healthy and convenient limits than have now been reached. Much might be conceded against the utility or morality of racing without counterbalancing the benefit of the universal movement of the town population across the country to Doncaster. Even now, if this annual holiday could be abolished, some other and probably worse form of holiday must be contrived. This walking match came off in 1837. The distance was forty miles, and the winner's time was 7 h. 1 m. 5 s., being the fastest up to that time recorded. Forty years ago it was the custom of the people to notice that "well-mounted Corinthians" attended walking and other matches. We do not know exactly when this phrase went out of use, but it has been for some time as extinct as prizefighting. The same reprint comprises another walking match which came off near Hounslow, and this also was attended by "a number of Corinthian patrons of British sports." The truth is, that racing and some other sports have become very much of a trade, in which those who know what they are about can do far better for themselves than "Corinthian patrons" could do for them. Just now indeed the proprietors of grounds where "gate money" is taken have received a heavy blow in a legal decision which seriously hinders bookmakers in their accustomed business. It will be strange, however, if trade should be killed by law. But we cannot help remarking that the perusal of these reprints suggests a disagreeable contrast between the time to which they belong and the present. "Corinthian patrons" were preferable, with all their faults and follies, to bookmakers, and sport had not then become thoroughly a trade.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

ONCE more it is gratifying to find how little "deceased Masters of the British School" suffer under close competition with "the Old Masters." In fact "Modernism," when good of its kind, may freely mix with "Medievalism," if not on equal terms, at least for mutual benefit; and the practice of the Academy in placing their "deceased Masters" in juxtaposition with Holbein, Titian, or Vandyck, with Claude, Cuyp, or Ruysdael, implies a challenge which can be fairly sustained. Not only is this mode of hanging a proof of unshaken confidence in the English school, but it also shows a desire for further improvement in the right direction. As might be anticipated, the modern masters who suffer most by the comparison are those who are modern in a bad sense. Reynolds, who had been truly loyal to the old canons in his portraits, became disloyal and false when, in "the Adoration of the Shepherds" (229), he made himself more modern than the Bolognese school of the Carracci, and he suffers accordingly. Yet the synopsis here given of the English school proves that genius is endowed with a universality which overleaps the narrow confines of time and space. Our artists bear a retrospective trial just in proportion as they build on broad immutable principles which belong alike to every time, climate, and race.

English art again shows the utmost diversity of aim. There is little in common between Hogarth, Collins, and Macleise, Wilkie, Opie, Smirke, and Stothard. And yet our native school, whether of figure or landscape painting, is not as a house divided against itself. It may rather be compared to our social state or political constitution, in which the principles of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy in mutual aid and antagonism allow, and indeed foster, independence of character and liberty of action. English art has, however, for a variety of reasons, tended to democracy; for, although patrons have been, and in some measure still are, among the upper ten thousand, painters are usually born of the people. Such was the origin of Hogarth. His style is plebeian. For, though in the "Marriage à la mode" he satirized the follies of the higher classes, and though in the "Sketch of a Country Dance" (35), engraved with variations, he deviated into the curves of beauty, of which he wrote a clever but not convincing "Analysis," yet he was most himself when, as here, he depicts in comic fashion

a handsome piece of roast beef seeking admission at the gate of Calais (28). Hogarth was the Hudibras of painting, and this composition, provocative of laughter, enforces his favourite maxims that there is a half-way path "between the sublime and the grotesque," and that "comedy should in painting, as in writing, be allotted the first place." This well-known picture appears to have been recently doctored for the market; the sky has not only been cleaned, but skinned; the blue is now crudely out of harmony. Hogarth's colour, perfect within its range, sought repose in broken tones and tertiaries; his pigments lie upon the canvas with solid impasto in the lights relieved by liquid transparent shadows; his execution sparkles like the play of his wit. No manipulation was ever in more intimate response with an artist's thought; his pictures may be compared with what is called "thinking aloud"; between the conception and the utterance there is no break or schism. A young artist may go to Hogarth, as to a Dutch master, to learn his grammar.

Sir David Wilkie, with whom are sometimes classed Mulready, Webster, and even Leslie, still further confirmed the tendency of the English school towards incidents in humble life or middle-class society. Wilkie in his later days, under the influence of his Spanish journey, is known to have changed—not for the better—both his subjects and his style; and we have a signal example of his more ambitious manner in "John Knox dispensing the Sacrament at Calder House" (5), lent by the Royal Scottish Academy. This picture—if picture it can be called, for not a tenth part of the canvas is covered—was left unfinished at the artist's death. The fragment is of all the greater interest because it reveals Wilkie's mode of working; his habit was to paint a head, hand, or piece of drapery, as much as possible at a single sitting, while the colour remained wet; he thus approximated to the practice of fresco with its attendant brilliancy. And yet the handling in the heads of Knox and his followers is rather that of a miniaturist than of an historic painter. Wilkie's successive manners, from the "Blind Fiddler" onwards, may be studied with advantage in the National Gallery. Some minor examples of Opie, Collins, Stothard, and Smirke do not call for special notice. But we would willingly give more than a passing word to a work fraught with historic meaning and poetic insight, "The Duke of Gloucester taken into the Water Gate of Calais" (2). Mr. David Scott, the painter, held the theory that the mental conception of a subject should override, if need be, such mere technical qualities as texture, finish, and minor details; accordingly he stands in direct antagonism to Maclise, to whom we now pass.

Daniel Maclise, here present in "a special selection" of no fewer than fifteen pictures, stands among artists as a giant; not only was his physical frame massive, but his mind had unusual amplitude and power. Whenever we saw or conversed with him, either in society or while he was engaged on his enormous mural pictures at Westminster, the genius of the man declared itself unmistakably. In no century, and least of all in the nineteenth, can artists of this strongly pronounced character be other than very exceptional. Maclise, like Michael Angelo, appears among his contemporaries in an attitude of defiant isolation; and so little are his creations in accordance with the spirit of the times, that the tribute now paid to him by his fellow-Academicians provokes the public to opposition and protest. We have even heard it said that these fifteen pictures are fit only for a chamber of horrors. It would indeed be easy to point out their faults, often in the way of exaggeration and rant, always in blackness of shadow, metallic hardness of form, and something worse than negation in colour. The tragic muse of Maclise seemed ever to be brewing a storm; behind his black and overcrowded canvases we seem to hear the discordant sound of stage thunder, yet after the thunder does not come the still small voice. Such terrors, too palpably artificial and overwrought, detract from the undoubted grandeur of "The Banquet Scene in Macbeth" (211), "The Last Sleep of Duncan" (148), and "The Marriage of Strongbow to Princess Eva" (78). Yet, after making all these deductions, the inherent greatness of Maclise remains unassailed. By common consent he was the most masterly draftsman within living memory; his command of the figure has scarcely been equalled, and never surpassed, since the days of the Old Masters; witness "The Marriage of Strongbow" (78), "Caxton" (44), "Duncan" (148), and "Hamlet" (19). The last is a small sketch from the famous picture in the National Gallery; a composition which Mr. Ruskin quotes as a proof of how wholly Shakespeare is in our day misunderstood—a judgment which few critics will confirm. Yet it must be admitted that Maclise, in common with his friend Macready, was not guiltless of what in Germany used to be termed by way of reproach "Sturm und Drang." The painter erred from excess of power; his pictorial vices were often but the exaggeration of virtues. His faculty of invention became so superabundant that in "The Sleeping Beauty" (252), and the "Macbeth" (211), the canvas seems too small to contain the teeming ideas. Doubtless his endeavour to concentrate the composition and focus the eye on some startling dramatic action betrayed him into sensational situations; yet he seldom failed to seize on some fine histrionic effect or poetic thought. In the "Play Scene, Hamlet" (19), it was a happy idea to cast on the wall the shadow which reveals the murder of the King. Still more impressive in the "Banquet Scene, Macbeth" (211), is the black spectre unseen by all save the terror-stricken King; fine, too, is the passage where the attendants flaunt the flaming torches in the face of the dark intruder on the feast. Nor must we omit to mention the sense of beauty conspicuous in "The Eve of St. Agnes" (77), a theme less happily treated by Mr. Millais.

Again, we cannot forget the artist's occasional success in light comedy, as seen in "The Author's Introduction to the Players" (53); and yet it must be admitted that Leelle would have told the story with less assumption and more quiet humour. Neither can we overlook the claim of Maclise as a realist, especially as demonstrated in the moveable types and the printing press of "Caxton" (44). These and other feats of the brush, as they appeared from time to time on the walls of the Academy, provoked the remark that Maclise with consummate ease and dexterity beat the pre-Raphaelites without a boast on their own ground. In him we have lost almost the last man who rose to the high argument of historic art; and in looking around these walls we cannot but call to remembrance the language of Dickens when, at the Academy dinner, he said, "Of the genius of Maclise in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind, and wonderful wealth of intellect, I may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter."

English landscape-painting has never appeared stronger than in the present Exhibition, notwithstanding the breakdown of "the English Claude" in the person of Sir A. W. Callcott, whose posthumous fame is honoured by a "special selection" of thirteen pictures. The style of this painter, in spite of its assumption of poetic inspiration, is poverty-stricken; his pictures are as thin as veneer, as crude as painted tea-trays; and when he aspires to a scale of eight feet, as in the "River Scene," No. 68, his knowledge of nature proves slight and insufficient. Callcott is at his best in "The Shrimpers" (14), a coast scene, wherein fortunately he has for once forgotten himself in thinking of Turner. As for Turner, we have here renewed proof of his inexhaustible resource. "The Vintage of Macon," date 1803 (122), comes as the first fruit of the artist's earliest tour on the Continent; this noble landscape belongs to the period when nature was studied under the tuition of Claude. Less formal and trammelled are "Sunset at the Mouth of the Thames" (91) and "Crichton Castle" (60); these apparently pertain to the middle and prime period, while as yet the artist, though striving for subtle pictorial effects, had not forsaken the moderation and modesty of nature. "The Wreck of the Minotaur," date 1810 (158), is one of those raging tempests which only Turner could realize; the storms of Bickhuysen are by comparison calms. This "Wreck," together with the "Macon," were acquired by Lord Yarrow, the grandfather of the present possessor. In dire contrast to the truthful period comes a flaming extravaganza in the last mad manner—"Neapolitan Fisher-Girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight" (261). It is unfortunate for Mr. Ruskin's assertion of the infallible truth of the idol of his worship that this moonlight might be mistaken for noonday.

But the novelty in landscape is in the prominence given to the "Norwich school," represented by a dozen examples of its chief masters, Crome and Cotman. We must, however, exclude from the list the "Landscape" (215), set down in error to Crome; the real painter is M. Georges Michel, a Frenchman, who died in 1843. Crome, commonly called "Old Crome" to distinguish him from his son, also an artist, had in a small way a singular career. He was born in a public-house, an origin which seems to have engendered habits which stuck to him to the last. As a youth he entered as a servant the family of Dr. Rigby of Norwich; afterwards an inborn passion for art impelled him first to house-painting, then to signboard-painting, whence he rose to the condition of a drawing-master. His leisure hours were devoted to local landscapes, sold, we have been told, in the open market at Norwich for a few shillings. The shillings are now more than pounds. Crome was poor, and his experience circumscribed. Of the six specimens here collected, four are studies of oak trees; a fifth—fine in its way—is of a thistle. He seldom or never deviated from the simple nature in the midst of which his humble lot was cast. His means of instruction seem to have been little else than such Dutch landscapes as he met with in Norfolk. Yet perhaps these seeming disadvantages helped to make him the most faithful exponent of the not very sublime scenery of the Eastern counties. As such he certainly won a right to a first rank among the most unsophisticated of English landscape-painters—a position held pre-eminently by Constable, who is now scantily seen in the Academy. Crome's style as exemplified in the works before us has, to quote the words of Messrs. Redgrave, "great breadth of treatment, largeness of manner, mastery of execution, with a fine eye for the general colour of nature." His "tree-touch," however, takes on the formal mechanism of Dutch painters and English drawing-masters, and the uniform twist and serpentine curve into which every oak branch is without exception thrown indicates the fatal practice of painting in the studio from general impressions, instead of from detailed studies made on the spot. Cotman, who rivalled the fame of his master Crome, divided with Turner his allegiance to nature. "A Château in Normandy" (239) is exaggerated; Turner was not so obvious in the means he used; his treatment had more finesse, his gradations greater subtlety; except in his last and raving moods he was not so hot in his lights or so blue in his shadows. A grand display of storm-driven waves on the wild coast of Cornwall is also rather made according to recipe. But it were hard to find fault with pictures so persuasive in composition and colour as "H y Barges Bealmed" (32), and "A Scene on the Norfolk Coast" (42), both by Cotman. The secret of these successes lies too much on the surface to be difficult to discover; the subject is evidently so chosen and distributed as to secure a pleasing compromise between scenic effect and the simplicity of

nature, and then, without distracting detail, light and shade are forced up with bold hand and full brush to the utmost contrast of warm and cool colour. With this slight sketch of the "Norwich school," whereof the world would willingly learn more, we close the notice of an Exhibition which, notwithstanding some shortcomings, is of so high an order that all lovers of art will desire its continuance in coming years.

REVIEWS.

HISTORIES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY.*

THE two books which we have taken leave to bring together under this title are so far alike that they are both concerned with the history of philosophy, and both furnish evidence of increasing interest in philosophical questions among English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic; the one being produced by a British writer who has migrated to a post at an American college, and the appearance of the other in a second edition being partly determined by the demand for it in the American market. Their coincidence in this respect as signs of the times, coupled with the more summary reason of convenience, is enough to explain our course without pursuing in detail a comparison which might lead us only to a parallel of the Macedon and Monmouth kind, or perhaps even to a contrast not wholly favourable to the newer and more ambitious work. In the lectures of the late Professor Butler the reader will find the Platonic and earlier Greek philosophies set forth as they appeared to a generous mind in which the enthusiastic elements of Platonism abounded, with all needful supplement of information, moderation, and occasional correction from an editor whose exact and refined scholarship, familiar with Plato's dialectic and not unversed in the arts of Platonic irony, makes him an apt representative of the more purely intellectual aspects of Plato's subtle and various thought. Indeed the Master of Trinity's notes are for many purposes, as was pointed out in a notice of the first edition in this journal, the most valuable part of the work. The text, being simply the contents of orally delivered lectures not prepared for publication by the author, is discursive and rhetorical, and seldom if ever refers to authorities; it is fitted to excite interest, but not to guide it. The notes, however, supply an amount of information and references that will serve as a very sufficient guide to the *apparatus criticus*, if we may use that term in a somewhat extended sense, of early Greek philosophy. One of the best features of these notes is the unassuming but effectual correction of such mistakes as experience has shown that scholars, not to say teachers, are likely to fall into. We have spoken of the editor's scholarship as refined, but it is a refinement of common sense, not against common sense, and for an historian of philosophy this faculty is eminently desirable and useful. The remark that Cicero was in philosophy an *amateur*, and should be judged as such (p. 123), is a specimen of this wholesome discrimination. Again, those students who learn betimes from the Master of Trinity not to be afraid of distinctly recognizing an element of "mere banter" in Plato (p. 220) will probably save themselves much unprofitable toil in pondering over the fruitless explanations of commentators who have failed to discover that Plato was a poet and a humourist. The tendency of recent physical research has been to give increased interest to the Atomic theories of Greek philosophers, and there is a strong and very natural temptation on the one hand to ascribe to them as of their own right a lustre which is only reflected on them from modern and very different sources, or on the other hand to use them as evidence that our modern physical speculations have nothing new in them. It is not unimportant therefore when we find the dogmatic and *a priori* character of these early Atomic theories pointed out by a competent and impartial judge (p. 206). The founder of the Cynics is rather hardly treated, we think, in one place. There is evidence enough that Antisthenes had other crude and absurd notions, but the saying attributed to him, "A man I can see, but I never saw the thing you call humanity" (p. 285), surely does not imply materialism. It would not be strange in the mouth of any Nominalist or even Conceptualist. The Master of Trinity seems for once not to have escaped the prevalent mistake of those who cannot look at Plato's contemporaries except from an ultra-Platonic point of view. One example may be given of the gentle warning sometimes given against a literal acceptance of the rhetoric of Mr. Archer Butler's text. On the Platonic theory of Reminiscence the lecturer cites Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, and observes that

The substance of this noble stanza, which Wordsworth has with exquisite delicacy and art connected with the innocence of childhood, you will find given at great length in various passages of the *Timæus*, the *Phædrus*, and the *Phædo*; but, of course, in a form more directly philosophical.

The pleasing but inexact comparison is thus checked by the editor's note:—

Where however [i.e. in the above-mentioned passages] it is by no means

* *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy.* By William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Edited by William Hepworth Thompson, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition.

The Scottish Philosophy: Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton. By James McCosh, LL.D., D.D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874, 1875.

"connected with the innocence of childhood." The differences indeed between the Platonic and the Wordsworthian views of the doctrine are at least as great as their resemblances. What, we may ask, would have been the answer of the poet, if any one had recommended to him a course of Dialectic (under, let us say, Sir W. Hamilton) as the most efficient means of reviving his antenatal intuitions?

We should add that the lecture on Indian Philosophy has in this edition had the advantage of Professor Cowell's revision as well as the editor's, and that Professor Cowell has added a few notes of his own. As to these we cannot help wishing that there were more of them, or even something more considerable and continuous. But Mr. Butler's original conception of introducing a lecture on Hindu speculation as an important part of the whole subject of ancient philosophy was enough to deserve commendation, and we now have Professor Cowell's guarantee that students may trust the execution as far as it goes.

Dr. McCosh's account of the Scottish school of philosophy is intended to be, and probably is, exhaustive as regards the historical part. By the Scottish school, however, he does not mean all Scotch philosophers, but only those who have proceeded on a certain method, and have in the main concurred in holding a certain sort of doctrine, whose distinguishing marks are thus stated:—

1. It [the Scottish philosophy] proceeds on the method of observation* professedly and really. . . . To the Scottish school belongs the merit of being the first, avowedly and knowingly, to follow the inductive method, and to employ it systematically in psychological investigation. As the masters of the school were the first to adopt it, so they, and those who have borrowed from them, are almost the only persons who have studiously adhered to it. . . . 2. It employs self-consciousness as the instrument of observation. It may thus be distinguished from some other schools with which it has been confounded. . . . The Scottish philosophers took a step in advance of any of their predecessors, inasmuch as they professed to draw all the laws of mental philosophy—indeed, their whole systems—from the observations of consciousness. . . . 3. By the observations of consciousness, principles are reached which are prior to and independent of experience. This is another grand characteristic of the school, distinguishing it, on the one hand, from empiricism and sensualism; and, on the other hand, from the dogmatism and *a priori* speculation of all ages and countries. . . . These [principles] are somewhat differently apprehended and described by the masters of the school, some taking a deeper and others a mere superficial view of them. . . . But whatever minor or major differences there may be in the fulness of their exposition, or in the favourite views which they individually prefer, all who are truly of the Scottish school agree in maintaining that there are laws, principles, or powers in the mind anterior to any reflex observation of them, and acting independently of the philosophers' classification or explanation of them. While the Scottish school thus far agrees with the rational and *a priori* systems, it differs from them most essentially, in refusing to admit any philosophic maxims except such laws or principles as can be shown by self-inspection to be in the very constitution of the mind.

Under the first of these three heads Dr. McCosh seems to give too much importance to professing to follow the method of induction, as if it could matter whether a man professes anything about his method or not if he goes to work the right way in fact. Indeed he does not enough guard himself from the vulgar error of supposing that the "inductive method" is a certain infallible specific discovered by Bacon for enabling people to reason correctly about things they have not learnt and do not understand, and that there is no ignorance of a special subject so dense that it may not be rendered harmless by a sufficiently fervent profession of faith in Baconian principles. The application of these principles by the persons who talk most about them generally consists in the dogmatic assertion that every one of the speaker's own inferences is a simple matter of direct observation, and every one of his adversary's a groundless hypothesis. Meanwhile it is overlooked that any rules, Baconian or other, for combining one's observations are not of much use until one has learnt how and what to observe, which is just what all the rules of inductive logic in the world cannot teach. The recollection of this introductory passage tends somewhat to modify our surprise when, in a later part of the work, we find Dr. McCosh in serene possession of a store of "fundamental truth spontaneously discovered"—i.e. all such speculative propositions as "spontaneously" commend themselves to Dr. McCosh's mind—which "lies on the surface, and may be seen by immediate perception, or picked up by brief discursive processes." But this is by the way. Under the second head we remark that, although self-consciousness is first described as the instrument of observation, we are presently told that a man is not to be satisfied with observing his own consciousness, but is to find out all he can about other men's consciousness; and this not only from their express reports of deliberate philosophic observation, but from their current words and actions in ordinary life. But this almost destroys the special character of the observation and the instrument; consciousness remains an instrument of observation, no doubt, but only in the same sense in which it is such in all inquiries whatever. In the last resort there is no possible matter in which consciousness is not "after all the primary witness and the final judge of appeal"; it is most certain that "only by it and by what has passed through our own minds we can come to discern and appreciate," not merely "the feelings of our brother men," but any object whatsoever of sensation, imagination, or reason. As to the claim made under the third head—namely, to get universal conclusions transcending experience out of particular data of experience, we leave it to the mercies of any competent critic of the genuine transcendental school, such as, for example, the Oxford editors of Hume. What we have to say to them when they have disposed of that piece of work to our common satisfaction, we endeavoured to make clear some months ago in our notice of Mr. Green's ingenious introduction to Hume's treatise. At present we care not to make the labours of an historical expounder the

pretext for a controversial discussion. Besides, Dr. McCosh is not likely to trouble himself much about anything that can be said by such purblind people as "London critics bred at the English Universities, where they . . . would be very much the better of instruction in a sound and sober philosophy." The sound soberness of the Scottish philosophy consists in taking a middle way between the emptyrean of transcendental assumptions and the common earth of mere finite experience. The reader may commend it with Dr. McCosh as the middle path of safety where it is ever best to walk, or he may deem it, with us, a way to fall between two stools; there is a fair choice of metaphors to suit either opinion.

The author's design of including in his work only those Scottish philosophers who have professed the Scottish philosophy, though conceived apparently with much deliberation, has been found hardly capable of consistent execution. We are not surprised that Ferrier has no place in the list, for although he was one of the brightest ornaments, we do not say of Scottish, but of British philosophy in recent times, his Institutes of Metaphysics, as Dr. McCosh very truly remarks, are a complete revolt against the whole Scottish philosophy; nor is this in our eyes the least of his merits. But we do not see how the rule that excludes Ferrier lets in Lord Monboddo, who seems to have been wholly transcendental and un-Scottish in metaphysics in spite of his pre-Darwinian speculations on the descent of man. It is still more difficult to account for the inclusion of certain other and greater names which are associated with the opposite kind of falling off from the one "sound and sober" doctrine. How can Hume and Adam Smith be brought within our author's definition of the school? It is doubtful whether they have the second of the three characters which, according to Dr. McCosh, are always found in true Scottish philosophers, and it is certain that they have not the third. We can only suppose that he was guided by the illogical but irresistible consideration that the historian of Scottish philosophy, however defined, who should leave out Hume would put himself in a position of absurdity from which no definition could save him. Still more curious is the inclusion of James Mill, whose ways of thinking were, if possible, more repugnant to "the school" than Hume's, and to whose case the argument from necessity cannot be said to apply; for he was a domiciled Englishman before he was a philosopher, and his omission from the roll of Scottish metaphysicians would have been in no way startling.

We cannot undertake to follow Dr. McCosh through the biographies of forty-eight of his countrymen with their accompanying proportion of friendly or hostile philosophical comment. The biographical part appears to be done with much care and research, and this will suffice to make the volume a useful book of reference. The expository part may also be useful, but it would have been the better for being less mixed up with criticism. As regards the philosophers with whom Dr. McCosh seriously disagrees, this is so much the case that there is little if any real exposition left. Moreover, the criticism is too often disfigured by a bitter and arrogant manner which is by no means free, to say the least of it, from a suspicion of *odium theologicum*. This is perhaps most conspicuous in the case of the Mills, father and son; for though J. S. Mill does not fall within the professed scope of the work, Dr. McCosh contrives to bring him in on several occasions, and to exhibit an almost ludicrous dislike and aversion under a transparent affectation of contempt. We think disputants ought to speak their minds freely, nor do we desire by any means to discourage hard hitting in fair fight, but we are all the more anxious that honourable controversy should not degenerate into mere vituperation or personal attacks. When our author is pleased to talk of "a certain class of London physiologists, such as Carpenter, Huxley, and Maudesley," he can hurt nobody but himself, and we can only hope that this does not fairly represent the courtesy or intelligence of "a certain" or any "class" of Scotch philosophers. But we conceive that it is hardly becoming in a Doctor of Divinity to express his regret at the want of satisfactory evidence that Hume did not die in peace, and in the meantime to be visibly comforted by the unverified and unsupported report of an anonymous female in black, which has come down to us at third hand, and which, as he charitably observes, "must contain some truth." It is perhaps not impertinent to remark that a *Quarterly Reviewer* in 1816—and no time or person could be less likely to be unduly tender to Hume—met with the same or a like story, and disregarded it, "knowing, whether true or false, how very little such stories are worth." We are not sure that we ought not to speak more strongly of the conduct of a writer who, not content with repeating one matter that ought never to have been made public, proceeds to state, as from his own information, and so far as appears, for the first time, an incident in a philosopher's family which he assumes to have been the logical consequence of his false philosophy. This incident is one that any fair-minded man can see to be wholly irrelevant to the matter in hand, and its publication can have no result except to give needless pain to living persons. A holder of scholastic authority who chooses to put personalities of this kind in the place of argument may perhaps be rewarded by the cheap applause of his disciples; but this is not the way to command the serious attention of opponents or the respect of honourable men of letters.

MAURICE'S ENGLISH POPULAR LEADERS.*

WE reviewed the former volume of this series somewhat less than three years back†, and we then gave our opinion that it was the work of one who had some stuff in him and who had taken much pains, but who had undertaken to be a teacher while he was still only fit to be a learner. We do not see that the time which has passed since then has raised Mr. Maurice out of that class. He still has no notion of writing a book. The title of the volume is a misnomer. It is perhaps something that Mr. Maurice himself seems conscious of both these facts. "I am afraid," he says in his preface, "that to many readers the first, at any rate, of the two following sketches will seem hardly to deserve the name of a 'Life.'" He allows the "meagreness of the materials" in the case of Ball, and "the absolute failure to compile a 'Life' of his fellow-worker, Tyler." Yet Mr. Maurice "believes that the work which he has done in this volume (whether successful or not as a work of art) has not been useless." We feel sure that the work which Mr. Maurice has gone through to make this volume has been very far from useless to himself; but we certainly cannot pronounce it to be "successful as a work of art." As Mr. Maurice himself tells us, the book is not what it calls itself in its title-page, and that, partly at least, for the reason which he himself gives, that it could not be what it calls itself on its title-page. As he most truly tells us, no one can write lives of people for whose lives no materials are to be had. With regard to Wat Tyler indeed what Mr. Maurice has chiefly done has been to show that the materials for his life come yet nearer to absolute nothingness than they come in popular belief. He brings out that John the Tyler, who killed the tax-gatherer who insulted his daughter at Dartford, was not the same man as Wat the Tyler of Maidstone, who became the leader of the insurgents. Or rather we should not say that he brings the point out, because he rather slurs it over. The truth is that while Wat the Tyler is mentioned by both Knighton and Walsingham—at least the writers commonly so called—and while the general insolence of the tax-gatherers is mentioned by Knighton, the particular Dartford story comes only from Stow. None of the best modern narratives identify the Tyler of Dartford with the Tyler of Maidstone, yet they certainly are mixed together in popular belief, and it would have been better to have more distinctly corrected the error. Mr. Maurice says truly that Stow often used original authorities which cannot always be tracked, so that his story may fairly be trusted. Of Stow's dealings in this way there is a memorable case in the fact that the contemporary life of Edward the Confessor was made use of by him, and by nobody else till its publication by Mr. Luard. Mr. Maurice further says that of the Maidstone "Tyler's previous life nothing seems yet to have been discovered," but Mr. Green says that "he was a soldier who had served in the French wars." Moreover, while Knighton makes Wat Tyler and Jack Straw the same person, Walsingham makes Walter the Tyler or Helyer a different man from Straw—"Johannes Straw" in his more stately text, while in Knighton he is "Jakke Strawe," even when he goes before or after a Latin verb. Altogether it would seem that there is exceedingly little to be said about Wat Tyler, but that Mr. Maurice has hardly managed to say even that little. Of Join Ball there is a good deal more to say; but Mr. Maurice has hardly made a life of him. In fact, what he has done has been to write a good deal about slavery and villanage in different forms from the earliest times of English history down to Richard the Second, to which a short life of Sir John Oldcastle is added at the end. But there is very little that is either new or strikingly put in Mr. Maurice's volume. We doubt whether there is anything in his special book on his special subject which will not be found quite as fully told, and certainly told with far more spirit, in Mr. Green's *Short History*. And, since he wrote about Stephen Langton, Mr. Maurice has taken to stick in italic headings to his paragraphs. This is most likely an imitation of the headings in the *Historical Course* and the *Science Primers* published by Messrs. Macmillan. But in strictly educational works like those such divisions may be thought to be in place, while they are surely out of place in what we may suppose is meant to be a narrative. In the mere telling of his story Mr. Maurice seems to have fallen off since his *Life of Langton*, but the difference may well be that then he had a story to tell, and that now, as far as lives are concerned, he has none.

The opening part of the book, the discussion of slavery in early times, is weak and often inaccurate. Mr. Maurice seems to have got hold of the fact that the condition of the *ceorls*—the *ceorlas* of earlier times, the *villani* of Domesday—was tending towards villanage in the technical sense both before and after the Conquest, and this seems to have led him into the strange notion that the condition of the *ceorl* was in itself one only of half freedom. But the original notion of the *ceorl* is simply the common freeman, the mere unit in the commonwealth and the army, undistinguished by birth or office, but as strictly free as the *eorl*. The course of things tended to lower his position, but this was the position with which he started. Mr. Maurice tells us in one page that "the *ceorl* was tied to the land, and could only be sold with it," and presently that "he could acquire land for himself." Now it is part of the original notion of the *ceorl* that he should be a land-owner; so far as he sank from that position, he was sinking from

* *Lives of English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages—Tyler, Ball, and Oldcastle.* By C. Edmund Maurice. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

† See *Saturday Review*, August 31, 1872.

the original state of the churl. We are sure too that there is something wrong about the suggested authorship of the following line of thought:—

Nor must we forget that the slave in early England was in some respects in a more hopeful condition than he was in ancient Athens, or in modern America.

The Athenian slave, like the negro, was the servant of a community of freemen, who were separated from him by occupation and position. His master needed no fellow-feeling from him against an oppressive over-lord, nor was there any intermediate class to modify the bitter scorn of freeman for slave.

In England, however, classes were constantly interchanging; and, bitter as was the position of the slave, its bitterness was not increased by the separation of race or occupation. The constant wars between Mercians, Northumbrians, West Saxons, Kentishmen, and East Anglians, had naturally tended to increase the number of slaves in the country, and at the same time to obliterate those distinctions of race which were the great excuse to the modern white men for holding the negro in slavery.

Mr. Maurice adds in a note, "These remarks, obvious as they may seem when stated, did not occur to me, but were suggested to me by my friend Mr. Green." We feel sure that Mr. Green must be misrepresented when so fallacious a parallel is attributed to him. The Athenian slave, bought perhaps after the sack of Skione, of Mélos, or of Olynthos, was very often as good a Greek as his master; and, if he often was otherwise, so also was often the English slave, especially in the West of England, where the slave class was so largely recruited by British captives. Here then was the very separation of race which Mr. Maurice denies; and at Athens there was, what Mr. Maurice also denies, an intermediate class between citizen and slave—namely, the large body of resident strangers, personally free, but without political rights, and unable to appear in a court of justice except through the means of a citizen patron. And if Mr. Maurice had asked Mr. Green or any other scholar, he would not have made his ludicrous translation of the story of the reform wrought by St. Wulfstan at Bristol. "*Vicus est maritimus Bristow dictus*" becomes, in Mr. Maurice's hands, "There is a maritime street called Bristol." And towards the end of the story, more amusingly still, the obstinate man whom his fellow-burgesses blinded and drove out of the town ("*vico ejectum mox luminibus orbavere*") was, according to Mr. Maurice, "thrown out into the streets." Presently Mr. Maurice gets hold of a story in the Abingdon History, placed by him in an unknown period of history called "the days of Eadmund, son of Æthelstan"—the Abingdon writer carefully speaks of "*frater ejus Eadmundus*"—which is most important, as pointing to folk-land being still held in common by the men of the whole shire of Oxford. "*Orta est controversia inter abbatem et monachos Abendonie ex una parte, et comprovinciales Oxemfordensis pagi ex altera parte, super quodam prato nomine Beri ecclesie Abendonie de jure pertinente.*" "*Pagus*," as every one knows, is the regular translation of *gau* or *seir*, but Mr. Maurice translates "the inhabitants of the district round Oxford," as if the *pagus* were something less than the shire. And though there is not a word about the town of Oxford in the story, he sets it down as a case of "rivalry between monks and burgesses," "struggles of the monasteries with the rising towns." Now the struggles between monks and burgesses do form a most important chapter in English history, but Mr. Maurice fails to see the distinction between two quite different classes of towns. At Evesham and Bury, and a crowd of other places, the town had simply grown up round the abbey. We may sympathize with the townsmen in their struggle for freedom; but, unless it could be shown that the monks had taken unjust possession of folkland, the townsmen could not have, justly speaking, any rights against them; they could have no property or privileges on the monks' land except what the monks gave them. On the other hand, at Exeter, Norwich, and Lincoln, the city was older than the ecclesiastical foundation; the Bishop, and his monks or canons settled themselves in an already existing commonwealth, and any special privileges which they held were something taken from the rights of the city. Yet Mr. Maurice talks of "the townsmen of Norwich and King's Lynn struggling into freedom in spite of the power of their Bishop and the monks." Norwich, with its 1,320 burgesses in the days of King Edward, with its new French borough founded in the days of King William, where so many houses were destroyed to make the castle, and so many "*ad principalem sedem episcopatus*," is thought to have been a town struggling into freedom in the same fashion as Lynn—not King's Lynn till the days of Henry the Eighth. Then, in the same way, we read how Ipswich was doing great things while the town of Bury was still struggling for its independence against the monks. So, again, Mr. Maurice sees, without understanding, the difference between Bedford and Dunstable, which again is analogous. Lastly, what is more incompressible than all, we read:—

In Lincolnshire, the struggle with the monks seems, as far as the town of Lincoln was concerned, to have been due to rivalry in trade rather than to any claim of the monks to authority over the townsmen; and the grievances under which the men of Lincolnshire were labouring were rather those inflicted by the officers of the king.

What monks does Mr. Maurice conceive could have any claim to authority over the citizens of the mightiest of the Five Boroughs, even if he mistakes the chapter so carefully organized by Remigius for a convent of monks? Does he fancy that the colony of Lindum grew up around the minster, like the squatters on monastic lands at Evesham and Bury?

In an earlier part Mr. Maurice says:—

Even Anselm, though he expressed his horror of the selling of men as

"dumb animals," had apparently much less tender feeling about the over-work of the poorer classes than is shown in the Dialogue of Ælfric.

And he adds in a note:—

See in Bk. I. of Eadmer's Life of St. Anselm, the account of Anselm's informing the King of the Lombards about the reapers who did not work hard enough.

Mr. Maurice's reference is so vague that we have not found the exact passage, though we have a dim remembrance of some such story. But to report idle labourers to their employer would not necessarily show any lack of tender feeling. And who is the "King of the Lombards"? Conrad, son of Henry the Fourth? or who?

Mr. Maurice's studies, as far as his own improvement is concerned, are highly praiseworthy. But before he again attempts to enlighten others, he would do well to learn something of the history of the chief English towns, and at least so much Latin as to keep him from translating "*vico ejectum*" by "thrown out into the streets."

THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO.*

WE have in this volume the letters which were written by a lady to a relation at home during a six months' residence in the Sandwich Islands. "They were written," as we read in the preface, "often hastily and under great difficulties of circumstance, but even with these and other disadvantages, they appear to me," the author goes on to observe, "the best form of conveying my impressions in their original vividness. With the exception of certain omissions and abridgments, they are printed as they were written, and for such demerits as arise from this mode of publication, I ask the kind indulgence of my readers." Such indulgence we should be happy to give if it were at all needed. It is not from the haste with which she wrote that Miss Bird's errors arise. If she had been still more pressed for time, we can readily believe that still less indulgence would have been needed, for in that case she might have found herself forced to omit three-fourths of her substantives, and two of the three adjectives with which each substantive is usually accompanied. We are lost in amazement and horror at the thought of how she would write if she wrote at leisure, and under great facilities of circumstance. If a lady when worn out with many hours of rough riding, when wet through by heavy rains and wadings through streams, in a rude cottage without an easy chair and a low table, can still pour forth such a flood of words as might move the envy of the vast volcano which she describes with its lava streams, or the mountain torrents which she has just escaped, what, we find ourselves asking, would be the flow of her words if she were writing comfortably in an English drawing-room? *Di, talem terris æverite pestem!* We were at a loss whereunto we should liken this wonderful copiousness of words which hid whatever thoughts may have lurked beneath, till, in reading her book, we came, on the 128th page, upon a most apt illustration. In describing a forest over whose "trees and parasites the tender tendrils of great mauve morning glories trailed and wreathed themselves," the author says, "Often masses of wonderful matted vegetation sustained us temporarily over streams six or eight feet below, whose musical tinkle alone warned us of our peril." When we came to this passage we felt that for the hundred and twenty-seven pages which we had done our best to read we had been sustained—happily also only temporarily sustained—on what might be fairly described, to borrow Miss Bird's style of writing, as a wonderful matted verbal vegetation beneath which ran, though without any musical tinkling, a thin stream of sense. Here, however, the simile halts, as similes too often will. We had no sense of peril. Our only wish was to fall through, and so arrive at whatever was to be found beneath. The style in which this book is written is a melancholy instance of the harm that is done by the light literature of the age. Perhaps we shall not be doing the author an injustice if we assume that she has studied style—so far, that is to say, as she has studied it at all—in the writings of those authors at whose head Miss Braddon is rightly placed. It has never perhaps occurred to her that a novelist uses adjectives as a manager of a theatre does "orders," to hide the appearance of emptiness. A regular novel must consist of three volumes, however much or however little of a story the author may have to tell, just as a theatre is always of the same size, night after night, however large or however small the audiences may be that the play draws. Propriety, however, requires in both cases that the appearance of emptiness shall be avoided. What is excusable in novelists meets with little indulgence in letter-writers. Ladies, we know, have a kind of feeling that it is scarcely decent to send a letter in which any one of the pages is altogether bare of writing, and we therefore readily admit any little rhetorical artifice which enables them to fill up the four sides of their paper. But Miss Bird's letters, even after the omissions and abridgments, still fill each nearly twenty pages of close print. Had she never used a single adjective she would still have written enough to have satisfied the most fastidious of female correspondents. She is evidently utterly unaware of the tropical luxuriance of her language, for after she has written more than fifty pages in a style of which we shall in a moment give our readers some interesting specimens, she says, in describing a certain spot, "It is so fascinating that it is hard to write about it in plain prose." *Molière's Gentleman*

* *The Hawaiian Archipelago: Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands.* By Isabella L. Bird, Author of the "Englishwoman in America." London: John Murray. 1875.

Cit might have talked prose all his life without knowing it; but we are ready most solemnly to aver that Miss Bird had not been writing it. We had come to her book with pleasure, for books of travel must be dull indeed which do not please. She has, we gladly allow, certain powers which might have rendered her capable of writing an interesting work, had she not spoilt her style by the study of the least admirable of writers. Bishop Ullathorne says that before Mr. Gladstone can understand the language of the Syllabus he must undergo, first, a year of scholastic philosophy; secondly, a three years' course of theology; and, thirdly, should study certain theses. In like manner we would say to any author who has framed her style on that of our later novelists, that before she can hope to understand the language of common sense she must undergo, first, a year of Johnson's Dictionary (the quarto edition); secondly, a three years' course of De Foe, Swift, and Cobbett; and, thirdly, must study Johnson's Dictionary again.

The first line of the first letter damped all the hopes we had formed of a new and pleasant book of travels. It opens with "a white, unwinking, scintillating sun," while five lines further down we come upon "the cicada whose triumphant din grated and rasped through the palpitating atmosphere." The author next goes on board a steamer on the Pacific. A storm came on, and she heard "one loud, awful, undying shriek, mingled with a prolonged relentless hiss," while "the surface of the sea was caught up and carried furiously into the air, like snow-drift on the prairies, sibilant, relentless." The "long weird day" happily came to an end, and "the coruscating Pleiades" once more were seen. The arrival at the first of the Sandwich Islands is celebrated by the author in much the same way as the arrival of any big ship is celebrated by the natives. They get out their bunting, and she gets out her adjectives. Where, she asks, were "the hard, angular, careworn, sallow, passionate faces of men and women, such as form the majority of every crowd at home"? She admires "the simple, tasteful, fresh attire" of the ladies. The men and women "looked easy, contented, and happy," and formed "a motley, genial, picturesque crowd." Their horses were "sorry, lean, undersized beasts." The vegetation was "glossy, redundant, arborescent." Our readers will not fail to notice the kind of trilogy, as it were, in which each subject is presented to us. Presently she catches a sight of the Pacific from the land, and falls into an ecstasy over it. "Blue, bright, balm-breathing, gentle in its supreme strength, different both in motion and colour from the coarse 'vexed Atlantic'!" We do not pretend to know what modern writers mean by "supreme." We should have thought that, if the Atlantic is the rougher ocean, to it belongs the supreme strength. Our author goes a second voyage on the Pacific, when the unwearied sun even outdid his performances of the first page. "The flag drooped and fainted with heat. The white sun blazed like a magnesium light on blue water, black lava, and fiery soil, roasting, blinding, scintillating, and flushed the red rocks of Maui into glory." Happily that state of affairs could not last for ever, and they came to an island where they could find shade under "the long, curved, wrinkled, perfectly cylindrical stems of the palms," which, we learn, though they stand in a grove, are "always supremely lonely." She had a glimpse, let us hope, of "the calm blue Pacific, wrinkled by the sweet trade-wind" in the distance. But here the author shall speak at greater length:—

One does not forget the first sight of a palm. I think the banana comes next, and I see them in perfection here for the first time, as those in Honolulu grow in "yards," and are tattered by the winds. It transports me into the tropics in feeling, as I am already in them in fact, and satisfies all my cravings for something which shall represent and epitomize their luxuriance, as well as for simplicity and grace in vegetable form. And here it is everywhere with its shining shade, its smooth fat green stem, its crown of huge curving leaves from four to ten feet long, and its heavy cluster of a whorl of green or golden fruit, with a pendant purple cone of undeveloped blossom below. It is of the tropics, tropical; a thing of beauty, and gladness, and sunshine.

It is not, however, till she gets to the crater of a great volcano that she rises to what may be described as a supreme luxuriance of verbosity. We read of "black iridescent rolls of lava," and "gory drops tossed in air." "Eleven fountains of gory fire played the greater part of the time, dancing round the lake with a strength of joyousness which was absolute beauty," while "sometimes six of these fountains ran together in the centre to go wallowing down in one vortex." Two pages further on "the fountains and jets all wallowed together," while the lava "passed downwards in a slow majestic flow, leaving the central surface swaying and dashing in fruitless agony, as if sent on some errand it failed to accomplish." The author, if we may venture to say it, gets into a state of eruption herself. The fountains and jets of her thoughts all wallow together, while her words pass onward in a majestic and most supreme flow. She pauses in her description to criticize "the observations and impressions contained in the Visitors' Book or the Volcano Book," as it is called. There is in it, we learn, "an immense quantity of flippant rubbish." We might perhaps have hoped, as there is such an immense quantity in it, there might have been somewhat less than an immense quantity out of it. But of fine words, as of the lava and ashes that come from burning mountains, there is a never-failing supply. Under all the vast mass of words there are, no doubt, now and then some interesting passages to be found by those who do not shrink from the trouble of getting at them. Any one reading the book would do well, however, to begin about halfway through; for, like a traveller on a long journey through a desert country, the further the author gets on the lighter are the stores on which she can draw.

Life in those islands would seem to be very well worth having and worth keeping, and yet the native population is dying out at a frightful rate. We are told of a valley which forty years ago had a population of 1,300. "Now probably there are not more than 200." When the blessings of civilization come hand in hand with extermination we need not wonder how it happens that certain savage tribes only ask of us that they may be let alone. The Europeans and the Chinamen are filling up the places thus left vacant, the one with his spirits and the other with his opium swiftly and silently helping to kill off the children of the soil. The following passage shows how pleasant the life in these islands would seem to be, and how the author can, when she likes, write very fair sense:—

There is not a bell in this or any house on the islands, and the bother of servants is hardly known, for the Chinamen do their work like automata, and disappear at sunset. In a land where there are no carpets, no fires, no dust, no hot water needed, no windows to open and shut—for they are always open—no further service is really required. It is a simple arcadian life, and people live more happily than any that I have seen elsewhere. It is very cheerful to live among people whose faces are not soured by the east wind, or wrinkled by the worrying effort to "keep up appearances," which deceive nobody; who have no formal visiting, but real sociability; who regard the light manual labour of domestic life as a pleasure, not a thing to be ashamed of; who are contented with their circumstances, and have leisure to be kind, cultured, and agreeable; and who live so tastefully, though simply, that they can at any time ask a passing stranger to occupy the simple guest chamber, or share the simple meal, without any of the soul-harassing preparations which often make the exercise of hospitality a thing of terror to people in the same circumstances at home.

There is at least one drawback to this arcadian scene. Only five years ago, one April, "the number of shocks of earthquake counted was 2,000 in two weeks, an average of 140 a day, while on the other side of the island the number was incalculable."

KINGLAKE'S INKERMAN.*

(Second Notice.)

OUR former remarks on this volume were directed to show that it would be a serious misfortune if Mr. Kinglake's view of the national capabilities for fighting, and the deductions to which he would lead his readers, were to become articles of faith among his countrymen. Regarded as a critical work on the military art, constructed from the data furnished by a single important battle, there could be no teaching more unsound, as there could be none more unpractical if applied to tactics generally. This is one leading fault of the work; and, as we have before pointed out, it is especially necessary to protest against it in the plainest terms at a time when there is a momentary reaction in the military world which, if not combated, might endanger the security of the country by flattering a national weakness. But there are other vices in Mr. Kinglake's narrative, viewed strictly as a history, which are more serious still than his inflated praise of a military system that has outlived its day. One of these concerns deeply that honesty which Englishmen claim as a characteristic of their nation no less than the individual courage of their officers and men. It is difficult to speak severely enough of the persistent pains which the author takes to enhance our fame in this latter respect at the expense of our allies, by depreciating everything done or not done by the French, misrepresenting their motives, slurring over their gallant deeds, and magnifying every error which he supposes their leaders and troops to have committed. The purpose runs throughout, and is much less concealed indeed than that other object of encouraging our army to believe that the Peninsular tactics with which it entered on the Crimean War will suffice for all emergencies at every time. Many readers who remember Mr. Kinglake's earlier volumes have doubtless considered his treatment of the character of Napoleon III. vindictive. In this volume it will be found that what he then wrote of a representative person is matched by his literary treatment of the nation that shed its blood freely at our side in the action which he chronicles, as in the whole alliance which twenty years since saved Constantinople from becoming a Russian provincial city.

The opening of the volume deals with the events that immediately followed the battle of Balaklava, including of course the Russian sortie of the 26th October against De Lacy Evans's lines, known as the battle of Little Inkerman. Of our part in that affair it would have been enough to say that Evans easily repulsed the advance of some four thousand men which moved against him under Colonel Federoff, using chiefly his field-guns for the purpose. But Captain Goodlake, of the Coldstream Guards, who had been thrown out in front with a party of volunteers from his brigade, had an opportunity of highly distinguishing himself, and the historian takes occasion to dwell for three pages' length on the services he and his men rendered. When it is once said that our total loss on that day amounted to just twelve killed and seventy-seven wounded, the military reader can perfectly well appreciate the slightness of the affair as concerns our forces. Mr. Kinglake is not so easily satisfied. He cannot describe this slight skirmish of an English division without prefacing it by telling us, as an important fact to be held in view, that De Lacy Evans was a good fighting general. This simple truth is clothed at various parts of the narrative with such magniloquent phrases as, "Sir De Lacy Evans

* *The Invasion of the Crimea to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. V. London: Blackwood.

was a veteran well skilled in that part of the war craft which belongs to the hour of combat." Consequently, as we read further on, "in his way of repulsing his assailants" (to do which, we learn, he had a strong position, two thousand six hundred infantry, and eighteen field-guns) "there was an easy and masterful grace which could not but give confidence to his troops, and the more so perhaps since the combat for once resembled a field-day at home"—the very thing, we may be sure, which the troops, when at home, never saw in those days. But we have not done with Evans's tactics even yet; for, turning to another page, we find that this combat was used by him deliberately to prepare the troops for the subsequent glories of Inkerman:—

The immediate success of the tactics was not their only result. . . . He gave to the small portion of his division engaged—and through them to the rest of it—an hour of the most wholesome training any good troops could well have. The few left to strive against the many discovered, and discovered with glee, that against extravagant odds they could stand combating Russian infantry for an indefinite time, losing ground indeed, little by little, when coerced by turning movements, but suffering no ruinous carnage, and not having one man taken.

We believe that no one would have been more astonished than the worthy old general himself at these deductions from the way in which he handled his division on the spur of the moment; and we hope most devoutly that no teacher of tactics nowadays will instruct our infantry in principles which would be hardly more suitable for their probable work against the breechloader, that (to use the words of those who have seen its power) "sweeps the ground before it like a broom," than Richard Cœur de Lion's battle-axe, so terrible at Acre, would be for forcing the way into a modern first-class fortress. But this mouthing of big phrases over a successful skirmish might be pardonable in an historian who did the same elaborate justice to all similar incidents of the siege. Unfortunately it happened that on the real Inkerman day another sortie from the works, made on the extreme western flank instead of the eastern, fell entirely on the French. Performed by General Timovieff with fewer men than Federoff had led on the 26th, it was conducted over easier ground, and with greater vigour. It was sharply repulsed by portions of Forey's corps; and, as it retreated, De Lourmel made a gallant attempt to throw his brigade between the Russians and their works, and so cut them bodily off. In this he fell mortally wounded, and his brigade retreated with considerable loss. Mr. Kinglake's history of this affair is given in a page and a half written in the driest manner, without a word of praise or blame. Not that this could in itself be objected to, were it not that the reiterated praises of Evans and his division just before, and the lengthy narratives that follow through some hundreds of pages of small isolated combats elsewhere, show a bias which can only be pronounced national in the worst sense of the word. Had De Lourmel but had the good fortune to have been a British colonel and led a battalion of British Guards, what glowing terms would have been spent on his fall at its head! What numerous details would have been showered on the reader, descriptive of his former life and manner of speech, his manly form, and personal agility! How striking and warlike, although possibly not like real war, would have been the picture drawn from the writer's internal consciousness of the heroic brigadier urging on his brave fellows to attempt what would immortalize them even in falling unsuccessful! It is not that the materials for such description were wanting at that point of the lines on which Timovieff's sudden onset fell. It is simply that Mr. Kinglake seems to be hampered in his task with a mania for proving that no French officer, at any rate over the rank of captain, ever did anything great or gallant in war. He has shown in this volume that an English writer can be found possessed to the full with that spirit of braggadocio patriotism which is, let us hope, less widespread among ourselves than among our neighbours, and which, taking the name of Chauvinism, has been the curse of France and her people.

We see this, for example, in Mr. Kinglake's treatment of the first episode of the battle. He narrates fairly enough how General Bosquet, "when the firing had scarce lasted an hour, divining by that time that the real attack was on Mount Inkerman, ordered" certain troops to march towards the Windmill, and at once hastened thither in person, to be met by Sir George Brown and Sir George Cathcart, who, on his proffering aid, "took upon themselves to decline the offer." The proper comments on this affair may easily be made by any one, let him be ever so little of a professional critic. A reader who never opens another narrative of the battle than Mr. Kinglake's will discover for himself that the salvation of our position later in the day was due absolutely to the coming up of these rejected troops of Bosquet's. As Mr. Kinglake himself states in the next paragraph, the two generals, "being unacquainted with the enemy's design for overwhelming Pennefather with 40,000 men, had not even the rudiments of the knowledge which alone could have warranted an English officer in disclaiming all need of French support on Mount Inkerman." But does the historian condemn them for stopping without authority the supports on their way to another General of Division? Does he tell us in plain terms that, in undertaking so to decide at all, they were doing Lord Raglan's proper work, and taking his proper responsibility; and that the very proceeding in itself shows either a discreditable staff system existing at that time in our army, or a Commander-in-Chief who was not capable of making his authority felt throughout the very moderate force under his orders? Both of these causes may have had some-

thing to do with the blunder. At any rate the conduct of the two divisional Generals was, in a strictly military sense, unpardonable; and Mr. Kinglake might at least have said as much in his own fine language. He might well have completed his criticism by adding that Sir G. Brown was an elderly Horse Guards official, owing his place to hard desk work done many years for Wellington when that great man cared little to trouble himself with the details of a peace army, and sent into the field too late for such active duties as he claimed. Further, he might have said that Sir George Cathcart, who had seen no European service since he followed as a lad his father through the War of Independence in Germany, derived his impression of French troops from the behaviour of Napoleon's young conscripts in the campaign that ended at Leipsic, and naturally underrated the military powers of their nation. But to do this, or even less than this, by way of setting forth the naked truth, would have required a writer free from national prejudices; and of such prejudices, as we have before pointed out, Mr. Kinglake's new volume is a standing embodiment. So, instead of any such reasonable explanation, we have the ludicrous comment that "this answer to Bosquet was not unlike such as might have come from two superb sergeants or privates who had found themselves asked to acknowledge that the English wanted help from a Frenchman." "They must have spoken"—such is the deliberate preface to this judgment—"under the impulse of a feeling of pride which, however perturbing to the judgment, must still in a way be admired, because it is a main ingredient in that wonderful assemblage of qualities which makes the British soldier what he is"; in other words, we are given to understand that two of the chief divisional generals on Lord Raglan's staff behaved at the greatest crisis of the allied campaign with no more judgment, or courtesy, or knowledge of war, than any pair of the "superb sergeants or privates" under their orders would have done. Is it possible, we would ask, that any reasonable person will follow Mr. Kinglake in viewing their motive as one that "must still in a way be admired," or can have any other feeling about it than surprise that an army should not have been disastrously beaten which counted among its leaders two such men as these—one the senior general by standing after Lord Raglan himself, the other but a short time before holding a dormant commission which was in case of accident to have put him in Lord Raglan's place?

The spirit in which Bosquet's timely and sensible offer of co-operation was received by our generals is reflected in the literary treatment of his support, when actually given, by the historian who professes his admiration "in a way" of misplaced pride. It would be tedious to multiply proofs of this, even if our limits permitted it. Let any one peruse the narrative (pp. 336-353) of the repulse of the main Russian attack, called in Mr. Kinglake's vocabulary "the great trunk column," where the Russian defeat by the 7th L^éger is coolly attributed entirely to the exertions of our staff in rallying the French, and to Colonel Daubeney's diversion with thirty Englishmen; or the escape of the Guards from the Sandbag Battery (pp. 272-290), where the active share taken by the French 6th Regiment is ignored as a cause of the success with which our troops were extricated. Then let him read any one of the accounts written on the spur of the moment by British officers, ere gratitude had had time to cool down; or such a simple unvarnished narrative as Colonel Calthorpe's; and he need not hesitate to know where the truth lies. Mr. Kinglake's very table of contents is a battery of sneers against our allies. There is a set purpose manifest in such entries as "Arrival of two French battalions; their reception on the battle-field; failure of the English endeavours to make them advance; impatience of our people with the two battalions"—these two battalions having, by the way, been suddenly brought up in an unaccustomed formation, to be exposed on a long ridge to a heavy and unexpected fire from a dozen Russian batteries confronting them. Indeed the author's purpose speaks for itself here even more plainly than in the text. In the name of historic truth, as well as of justice to brave allies and of national good-feeling, it is impossible to protest too strongly against this kind of writing.

Grave as the subject is, however, it is not wholly without its comic side. Mr. Kinglake cannot help taking into account the fact that part of the French who came up just in time to save our main position on the Home Ridge from being forced were volunteers who had broken away from the Zouave camp without orders—"the truant Zouaves," as he half-jeeringly calls them in his narrative. But he actually mistakes their rough soldiers' jests on our men (p. 353), as to the happy result of their aid—"You see now, we are good for something after all, &c. &c."—for a sort of humble request to be admitted to the honour of comradeship. "Now, at least," he adds, blindly pursuing his favourite idea, "if never before, they could honestly speak to our people in this tone of soldierly fellowship." Mr. Kinglake is evidently quite unconscious how ridiculous his sublimity becomes at certain points of his story, and, though he has caught the Zouaves' words, he has little notion of how he parodies their meaning.

If there is one feature of his work more unhistorical than his judgment of our allies, it is his treatment of our own commanders, from good old Lord Raglan downwards. But this is a subject on which he may write more freely without fear of present contradiction. Those who are best able to expose his inaccuracy and unfairness are still living, and mixing in social intercourse with the families most nearly interested, if not with the very persons. One of the divisional generals at Inkerman, that one who shared the exertions and glories of the fight more closely than any save

Pennefather himself, is not merely a prince of the blood-royal, but has been for years known to all as a commander-in-chief devoted to his labours. Another chief staff officer of the Crimea, justly popular in society, and respected by all British soldiers, controls the discipline of the army, assisted by men who first distinguished themselves on that bloody Inkerman height. Not in our generation will the true story be written of the varying fortunes of that army which our country, in utter ignorance of what war meant, flung blindly down on the shores of the Black Sea, combined with allies then new and strange to it, without anything to guide it to success but the innate heroism of its officers and men. Out of evil in this case truly came good. The resuscitation of the national military spirit, which is unhappily as necessary to our existence as an independent people now as it was in the time of the First Napoleon, dates from that troubled era. There are not only personal memories to be proud of, but national sentiments whereon to congratulate ourselves which date from Crimean days. We could only desire that the task of writing the history of those days had fallen into hands gifted with some of the judicial power of which Mr. Kinglake seems absolutely destitute. His great literary gifts none can dispute, and all must admire his unwearied industry; but his industry has only served to lead him to mistaken conclusions, and his gifts are seriously obscured in this volume by a constant straining after fine words and striking phrases. To give but one instance, to describe a body of defeated Russians (p. 403) as "the hapless Muscovits" is to use a phrase that might well serve a Special Correspondent penning his hasty letter, but is out of place in a work of grave history, however gorgeously coloured. It is as much out of place, in short, in such a pretentious volume as this, as Mr. Kinglake's views of the comparative merits of English and French soldiers and their generals are out of harmony with the historical spirit of his age.

THE MAID OF KILLEENA.*

THERE is nothing more difficult of accomplishment in England than the destruction of a formula. The fact that an institution exists seems to be enough to secure for it respect and honour without any reference to its merits. In the case of some established customs it is no doubt a good thing that this tendency to venerate the mere quality of existence should prevail. There are others in which it is difficult to discover any virtue save that of longevity. It is surprising that these, backed by no force except stupid inertness, should long resist all the efforts of reason and common sense to break them down. Among such institutions the three-volume novel holds a high place. "They manage these things better in France" is a somewhat musty proverb, but it is peculiarly applicable to the matter in hand. The French school of fiction should be a good study for English writers and publishers, inasmuch as they may learn from it both what to do and what to avoid. In England those short stories which the French term "nouvelles" have for a long time been found only in the pages of magazines, where they are glanced hastily through to beguile a railway journey and quickly forgotten. They are mis-called "light reading," and their authors are either incapable of better work or think it waste of time to devote pains or study to a composition which they regard as trivial. That this may be a mistaken view is sufficiently proved by the fact that the "nouvelles" of such writers as De Musset, Mérimée, De Bernard, and Gautier are among their happiest productions. Their stories are light in the true and best sense of the word; not in that sense in which it may be applied to trashy magazine tales and to bad claret. The conspicuous difference between France and England in this respect is probably due to the blind unreasoning force of a custom whose origin is lost in a happy obscurity, and whose life has been so long that one may hope it has now one foot in the grave. The completeness of Mr. Black's last romance was marred by the length to which, in accordance with prejudice, it was extended. It is pleasant to find that a writer of his originality has done something towards overcoming this prejudice by producing the collection of short stories now published under the name of the *Maid of Killeena*.

The first story in the book, which gives its name to the whole, is by no means the best. The scene is laid in the Hebrides, and the characters talk the dialect which the author made attractive in the *Princess of Thule*. It is agreeable to meet again with traits which one has liked in an old friend, but their presence inevitably suggests a comparison which in this instance is not favourable to a new acquaintance. Ailasa Macdonald, the maid of Killeena, has the same simple fearless character, the same kind of beauty, which distinguished Sheila, the daughter of the King of Borva. The likeness makes one wish that she were Sheila. There are five brothers, fishermen, living hard by, two of whom, Duncan and Alister Lewis, play a principal part in the story. That Duncan has a jealous dislike to Alister is evident at first; that this dislike is caused by Ailasa's preference for the younger brother becomes evident soon afterwards. Alister is a young man of high aspirations; his soul is not in the fishing, he wishes to go to Glasgow and get for himself an education and a name. In this project he is supported and helped by the rest of his brothers, Duncan only dissenting; and accordingly he goes on his way to Glasgow, after an interview with Ailasa, in which, without his absolutely declaring his feelings to her, she easily perceives what they are. During his first absence

Duncan Lewis proposes to her and is refused. Not long afterwards Alister returns on a visit, and has another interview with Ailasa. This scene is singularly pretty and graceful. Ailasa goes over to the farm in Darroch to see if the news of his return is true, and sees him coming to meet her:—

While he was yet at a distance her heart grew cold within her. He was no longer the fisher-boy, in his rough and homely clothes, that had played about the shore with her, and got her the sea-birds' eggs. He was a young man now; he was smartly dressed; he seemed a stranger.

"Ailasa!" he cried, as he came near; "and are you very well? And I was coming over to Carn-Slean at this very moment!"

Somehow she could not speak. She turned aside her head, and began to cry silently.

"Ailasa," said he, "what is the matter?"

"This is the matter, Alister Lewis," she said, simply, between her sobs; "it is another way you speak now, since you have been to Glasgow; and I was thinking it was no longer yourself that I saw, but a stranger; and you have come back to Darroch like a stranger, and you will speak no more like us, and you will be for growing ashamed of the people that was your friends long ago."

"It is a bad welcome you will give me this day, Ailasa," said he sadly; "and it is hard words that you have spoken."

By degrees Alister conquers Ailasa's terror of his "speaking the good English," and goes back to Glasgow betrothed to her. As the story develops, its plot assumes an air of commonplace unreality. Duncan Lewis's sullen jealousy breaks out in an attempt to murder Ailasa by scuttling the boat in which he is rowing her across the water after her marriage. Alister, who has returned in order to be the first schoolmaster in Killeena, starts in despair for America, taking on his way Glasgow, where of course the first person whom he meets is Ailasa, who has been picked up by a French steamer. The story reminds one too much of old melodramas. It might no doubt be treated in a way which would give it vigour and novelty, but the author's talents do not lie in that way. He depends more upon the play of a delicate fancy than upon the strength of his events. So it would seem, at least, from his treatment of these particular events. It is possible that, with more space, he might have worked out the passion and revenge of Duncan Lewis to a better purpose. The expression of power in a small sphere is a most difficult task. There are many pleasant touches in the story with which its framework seems out of keeping. One of these occurs at its conclusion. Alister and Ailasa agree to stay a week or two in Glasgow and see the sights before they return to Killeena. "It will be a proud day," says Ailasa, "the day that I will go back to Killeena, and tell them all the fine things that I have seen. And maybe," said the girl shyly, remembering her duty as a schoolmaster's wife, "maybe I will learn a little of the good English before we go back to Killeena."

For the rest of Mr. Black's stories we have nothing but praise. In "Queen Tita's Wager," which appeared elsewhere two years ago, the reader again meets the bright little lady who contributed largely to the pleasure of the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*. The wager, the story of which is supposed to be told by her husband, is concerning a young man, a friend of theirs, who has been lately disappointed in a love affair. Queen Tita is of opinion that it will take him a long time to get over the blow; while her husband confidently asserts that he will marry within a year. Presently he proposes that they should take Charlie, the disappointed young man, on a journey to the Black Forest. "Shall we go to Hüferschingen?" he asks. "I suppose so." "Franziska is a pretty girl." Franziska is the niece of the proprietor of the "Goldenen Bock" at Hüferschingen. How this astute remark of the narrator's about her being a pretty girl sets Queen Tita thinking and plotting against the interest of her wager, and how her plots are gradually carried out, is told with much spirit and humour. The visit to Hüferschingen gives the author an opportunity for turning his talent in describing scenery to good account. The appearance upon the scene of a certain Dr. Krumm, to whom the village points as the probable husband of Franziska, fans Charlie's growing inclination for her by the means of jealousy, and induces him to descend to an act of meanness the account of which is very amusing. He confides his love to the ever-sympathizing Queen Tita, and under her advice prosecutes his suit by gentle degrees. Finally he asks if Queen Tita will find out for him whether Franziska will accept a ring from him. "I think if I were you," she replies, "I would speak to her myself, but very gently." On the same day the party go out on a fishing picnic, where Charlie and Franziska are left alone for so long that in their absence a chub of four pounds is caught by Queen Tita and her husband:—

We went back by the same side of the lake, and we found both Franziska and her companion seated on the bank at the precise spot where we had left them. They said it was the best place for the picnic. They asked for the hamper in a business-like way. They pretended they had searched the shores of the lake for miles.

And while Tita and Franziska are unpacking the things, and laying the white cloth smoothly on the grass, and pulling out the bottles for Charlie to cool in the lake, I observe that the younger of the two ladies rather endeavours to keep her left hand out of sight. It is a paltry piece of deception. Are we moles, and blinder than moles, that we should continually be made the dupes of these women? I say to her,

"Franziska, what is the matter with your left hand?"

"Leave Franziska's left hand alone," says Tita, severely.

"My dear," I reply, humbly, "I am afraid Franziska has hurt her left hand."

At this moment Charlie, having stuck the bottles among the reeds, comes back, and hearing our talk, he says, in a loud and audacious way,

"Oh! do you mean the ring? It is a pretty little thing I had about me, and Franziska has been good enough to accept it. You can show it to them, Franziska."

Of course he had it about him. Young men always do carry a stock of ruby rings with them when they go fishing, to put in the noses of the fish. I have observed it frequently.

* *The Maid of Killeena, and other Stories.* By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," &c. &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

It is but fair that, after taking so much trouble as she does to bring Charlie and Franziska together, Queen Tita should after all win her wager by the marriage taking place just outside the year.

Queen Tita still appears in the other three stories of the book. A "Fight for a Wife" is perhaps the brightest and liveliest of the collection. Its motive is so original that we forbear to throw any light upon it. The contrasts of character are cleverly managed. The stout, middle-aged Mr. Humphreys, genial and comfortable, yet practising manoeuvres which would honour Machiavelli in order to outwit his romantic rival, is a delicious creation. The "True Legend of a Billiard Club" and its sequel are both full of fun, and told with that clearness of style which has given a charm to all Mr. Black's work. In them the plots of a set of husbands who start a billiard club, and the counterplots of their wives, who resolve that the club shall be quashed, are recounted with a life-like air. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the merits of this collection of stories except by long extracts; and it is better that readers should become acquainted with these in their proper place. The attraction of the book, save in the case of its opening story, is owing in no small degree to its completeness and artistic proportions; so that any part of it separated from the others seems to lose much of its virtue. Herein lies much of the true art of fiction. It is to be hoped that Mr. Black may repeat his adventure in the line of short stories, and that other writers of like calibre may be induced to follow his example.

WHEELER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.*

THE nature of this work by Mr. Talboys Wheeler requires a preliminary explanation. The volume before us is numbered III., yet it is intended to be a separate work, connected with, but independent of, the volumes which have preceded it. In 1867 Mr. Wheeler published his first volume, which treated of the Vedic period and the Mahā-bhārata. Forty pages of introduction sufficed for the Vedic period. The remainder of a volume of more than 550 pages was devoted to a full analysis of the great epic. The Vedas were in course of publication, both in text and translation; but, although the whole text of the Mahā-bhārata had been printed at Calcutta in four thick quarto volumes, and another edition had appeared at Bombay, a very small part of the whole had been translated, and but little was known about the diversified contents of this stupendous work. The episode of the Bhagavad-gītā had found an early translator in Wilkins, the story of Nala and Damayanti had engaged the learning of Bopp and the poetical powers of Milman, some few shorter passages had been rendered into English by Wilson, and this may be said to have been the sum of the published translations. It is curious to find that Mr. Wheeler is no Sanskrit scholar. He accidentally discovered, stowed away under a wrong title, on the shelves of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, a MS. translation, in nine volumes, of the more important portions of the poem, and friendly co-operation filled up the blanks. This translation was supposed to have been the work of the late Professor H. H. Wilson, but it has since been ascertained that the translations made under the direction of Wilson are in England, and that the one used by Mr. Wheeler was made by Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a scholar who flourished in the days of Warren Hastings, and who, after returning home, was one of the most prominent supporters of Richard Brothers the prophet. This translation Mr. Wheeler has abstracted and condensed, and his first volume presents an epitome of all those parts of the poem which have a bearing on the history of ancient India. The publication of a complete translation of the poem is not to be expected, perhaps not even to be desired, and this abstract of Mr. Wheeler's satisfied the critical, not to say fastidious, judgment of the late Professor Goldstücker, than whom no more competent judge could be found.

Mr. Wheeler's second volume consisted of a similar analysis of the other great epic, the Rāmāyana, or rather of the different poems which embody the legend of Rāma. The original Rāmāyana of Vālmiki was translated in great part early in the present century by Carey and Marshman, and this translation has formed the groundwork of Mr. Wheeler's volume. The "remainder is given in brief outline from the Bengali version," a work of high repute by Tulasi Dās, and considerable additions have been made from the Adhyātma Rāmāyana, a sort of spiritualized version, in Sanskrit, attributed to Vyāsa, the Vedic sage, but evidently a modern work. This epitome occupies 400 pages of the volume, and 200 pages more are devoted to an analysis of Manu and other authorities upon the old laws and institutions of the Hindus. These two bulky volumes then are prolegomena or materials for history rather than history itself, and the author, feeling the force of friendly criticism, has in the third volume sifted out from them all that he considers of historical value. Mr. Wheeler's main object throughout has been history, but the lover of literature who delights to follow the development of thought and fancy in its manifold varieties will find much to interest him in the analyses of the original works; while the more practical man who looks only to results, who wishes merely to ascertain the influences operating upon the destinies of the Eastern world in ancient days, may content himself with the incidents which have been gathered and published in the third volume. The three volumes may then, according to the pleasure of the

reader, be treated as one or as two distinct works. We now dismiss the earlier volumes and proceed to the one just published, which is the immediate object of our notice.

Of ancient Hindu history strictly speaking there is none. No people of such high culture and literary taste has ever been so signally deficient in the historical sense. One Sanskrit work, and one only, approaches to the semblance of a history, and that is at best a mere chronicle in verse. All else is a mass of story and legend intermingled with the most bewildering and monstrous fables, and accompanied by a chronology dealing with such vast and incomprehensible periods as to defy all attempts at rectification or reconciliation. For the earliest period of Hindu history there is nothing extant but the Vedic hymns, and such information as they contain has to be obtained by deduction and inference. Their silence also upon many points is very significant, and in comparing the Vedic Hindus with their descendants it is often more easy to arrive at negative than positive conclusions. Thus, as Mr. Wheeler says, the Vedic Hindus "had neither temples, idols, nor rigid caste distinctions. They worshipped their deities as living existences; and they apparently offered up their own sacrifices and invocations, and performed their own domestic rites without the aid of any caste of priests whatever." This part of the work is necessarily brief. The author next proceeds to reduce the leading facts of the two epic poems into an intelligible narrative of very moderate extent. Two matters in this part of the work are particularly worthy of notice. One is the inferior status of the Brahmans and the superior rank and power of the warrior caste. This comes out distinctly, notwithstanding the efforts of the Brahmans in later days to conceal all the records of their own inferiority. The other is the notices of the native populations with which the Aryans came into contact in their progress southwards. These were numerous, and known by many names, and although researches make it from year to year more evident that these races had attained some degree of civilization, and that their invaders had much to learn from them, they are generally depicted as barbarians, giants, hobgoblins, and the like. One numerous people, whose name of Nāgas, or serpent-worshippers, suggests at first a degraded position, was to all appearances a civilized people, living under an organized government, and it extorted some amount of consideration even from the invaders. It was famous for its beautiful women and great treasures. Its kingdom was in the Dekhan, and its capital is supposed to have stood on the site of the modern Nagpore. Mr. Fergusson's work on "Tree and Serpent Worship" has lately brought the subject into notice, and it deserves further investigation. It would seem to have a phallic character. Barren women endeavour to propitiate the serpent. The reptile is also represented as the guardian of hidden treasure, and as having a foreknowledge of the future greatness of infants. Heroes and kings are often said to have been guarded in infancy by serpents.

After tracing the steps and means by which the Brahmans obtained their ascendancy over the other castes, the author closes his retrospect of Brahmanic India with a particular notice of the rite of *sati*, or burning of widows. No trace of this practice has been found in the Vedas, in the great epics, or in Manu. The earliest record of it is that made by the historians of Alexander's expedition to India in the fourth century B.C. A fair inference may hence be drawn as to the antiquity of the old Hindu writings. Mr. Wheeler, like others before him, compares *sati* with the practice of the Scythians in sacrificing a living woman at the grave of the deceased, and he comes to the conclusion that it was "a Scythian usage modified by Aryan culture." There is no denying the points of similarity, but one difficulty has been overlooked. If the practice is identical in origin with that of the Scythians, and was carried into India by the Aryans at the time of their immigration, we might reasonably expect to find some mention or hints of so remarkable a rite in their earliest writings. Had we not the record of Strabo and others, the origin of it might have been attributed to that Scythic irruption which happened some two or three centuries later. But as the matter now stands the question arises, if the rite had a Scythic origin, when and from whence did the Aryans acquire it?

The third chapter is devoted to the life and teachings of Gotama Buddha, and shows how Brahmanism sank under the teaching and influence of this new apostle, who came upon the scene some five or six centuries B.C. The whole of this chapter shows not only a careful study of books, but a close and intelligent observation of the working of the rival systems in the present day. Mr. Wheeler's field of service has been varied; he has seen the Brahmanism of India and the Buddhism of Burma in full operation, and he has scrutinized them with a careful and observant eye. His contrast of the two religions is very graphic, and deserves quotation:—

The revolt of Buddhism against Brahmanism is only to be appreciated by those who are familiar with the results of both systems. The India of the present day presents many of the characteristics which must have distinguished ancient India prior to the advent of Gotama Buddha. It is a land of deities, temples, and priests, which inspire a melancholy bordering on despair. The whole Indian continent is dotted with little sanctuaries which appear like the sepulchres of defunct gods, whose grotesque and distorted effigies are to be seen within; and fathers and mothers bow down to these idols, praise them, propitiate them with gifts and offerings, and invoke them for help and prosperity. Again there are temples of more colossal dimensions, with pyramidal towers or cone-shaped domes covered with sculptures, and surrounded by walls, courtyards, and roofed passages. But all are of the same sepulchral character. Some are the receptacles of archaic gods, who are arrayed in jewels and tinsel; but even these deities are little better than gaudy mummies of a primeval age. The women alone seem to be

* *The History of India from the Earliest Ages.* Vol. III. By J. Talboys Wheeler. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

fervent worshippers, for the men have begun to groan beneath the oppression of idolatry and Brahmanism. Indeed the rapacity of the temple priests is unbounded, whilst their culture is beneath contempt. They celebrate their temple festivals like children playing with dolls. They carry the gods in procession, or induce the gaping crowd to drag them along in huge idol cars; but they cannot evoke those joyous outpourings of adoration which indicate the presence of religious feeling in the hearts of the worshippers. Yet the Hindus are essentially a religious people. They tell their beads and recite their prayers. The poor are always ready with their simple offerings to the gods and their gifts to the priests. The rich will exhaust their means in constructing temples, tanks, wells, resting places for travellers, and bathing steps on the banks of rivers; or in feasting a crowd of mendicant Brahmins, and presenting them with clothes and money. But their religious life, so far as it finds expression, is one of inflated ostentation, accompanied by a settled gloom. . . By the favour of the gods they may hope to attain heaven; but by the anger of the gods they may be condemned to the torments of hell.

But Buddhism has exercised a very different influence on its millions of followers. It is a religion not of fear and sorrow, but of hope and joy. It is a creed which turns on the dogma of metempsychosis in its simplest form; that goodness in this life will ensure happiness in the next life. It is thus a faith without gods, without priests, properly so-called, and without sacrifices, penances, or supplications to deity. Yet its votaries are joyous and light-hearted, and generally good and benevolent. Their pagodas are airy structures without an element of melancholy or gloom. Their worship is an expression of reverential devotion towards their great apostle, whose career on earth was one of self-sacrifice for the deliverance of the human race from the miseries of existence.

The expedition of Alexander, and the notices of India by Greek and Roman writers, make an interesting chapter. All matters of interest recorded by Arrian, Strabo, Megasthenes, Quintus Curtius, and others have been diligently collected and woven into a narrative. This has never been so completely done before, and the epitome will be very acceptable to those who want either the power or the time to consult the original authors.

After the return of Alexander Buddhism reigned triumphant in India for nearly a thousand years, till about the middle of the seventh century. Then came the Brahmanical revival, when Brahmanism reappeared in a modified form. It overpowered the rival creed which had been so long dominant, and has remained supreme until the present day. The Buddhist chronicles, though far superior in veracity and simplicity to the Brahmanical writings, afford but poor materials for history. The religious edicts of King Priyadarsi, which are found engraven upon rocks in various places from Afghanistan to Ceylon, throw considerable light upon the state of religion at the period of his reign some two or three centuries B.C. But the chief light is obtained from without, and the Chinese travellers of the fourth and seventh centuries after Christ have left on record a mass of information as valuable and interesting, and more precise, than that recorded by the historians of Alexander. Mr. Wheeler has made good use of these materials, and has been able to draw from them a fair description of India as it was in the early centuries of our era.

The most interesting chapter in the book is that upon the Rajpoots, the descendants of the Kshatriyas, "the noblest and proudest race in India. With the exception of the Jews there are perhaps no living people of higher antiquity or purer descent. They form a military aristocracy of the feudal type. They are brave and chivalrous, keenly sensitive of an affront, and especially jealous of the honour of their wives." "They are the links between ancient and modern India," and, "but for the paramount power of the British Government, would still carry on bloody feuds for generations, or engage in deadly wars which would end only in extermination." The history of the Rajpoots is drawn from the great work of Tod, now become very scarce and expensive. It is full of romance, of courage, of aristocratic pride and self-devotion; and it is impossible to read it without a thrill of admiration at the noble chivalric qualities of this proud race. Mr. Wheeler fancies he has discovered some similarity between the institutions of the Rajpoots and those of the Burmese. It may be, as he says, that "the usages and ideas of the sovereigns of Burma are in general accordance with these of the ancient Kshatriyas," but the points of resemblance he has cited are but few, and are far from being close or convincing. Pride of ancestry and race carried the Rajpoots through many a danger in ancient days, and whenever they were overpowered by irresistible force they fell with honour. But this same pride, however valuable for a time, has in the long run worked to their disadvantage. There is reason to believe that in some instances at least the blood has not been kept so free from admixture as is asserted, but the general practice has certainly been to prevent intermarriages with other tribes. So the Rajpoots have "spent their own vigour without renewing it from other sources," and the race has deteriorated in consequence of its purity.

The last chapter of the work brings us to modern times. It is devoted to the history of the Portuguese connexion with India, and will have a special interest in the eyes of many. We know of no work where this subject has been so fully and so completely treated. Full justice is done to the enterprise and daring of the early Portuguese mariners who pushed their way round the Cape, and steered boldly across the Indian Ocean to the coasts of Malabar. Their great Viceroy, Albuquerque, was a soldier-statesman, grand in conception, vigorous in execution, but the powers at the command of his nation were unequal to the accomplishment of his designs. A rising and more vigorous people drove the Portuguese from their field of triumph, but their settlement of Goa still attests the magnificence of Portuguese rule in Malabar.

We heartily commend Mr. Wheeler's book. It treats the early history of India in a way never before attempted, and it brings for

the first time much original matter within the reach of the English reader. The style is generally clear and picturesque, and it is especially to be commended for its sparing use of Oriental words, the employment of which lightens the labour of the writer, but brings perplexity and trouble to the reader. Some technical terms there are which must of necessity be used, words for which European languages afford no equivalents; but it is the duty of a good writer to limit the number and restrict the use of them as much as possible. We have so far expressed our approval of the book before us, but we think there are one or two points upon which we may find fault without being censorious. Mr. Wheeler devotes a chapter to the Hindu drama, and enters into a full analysis of several of the plays. In former articles we have shown a hearty appreciation of the merits of these dramas, and such an analysis as Mr. Wheeler has given would be quite in place in a history of literature. But the history, or rather his illustrations of history, which the plays afford are but few, and might be compressed into a page or two. Here we think the book redundant; in another respect it seems deficient. With the exception of the inscriptions of Priyadarsi, no use has been made of the many inscriptions which have been discovered and translated, nor of the varied and extensive series of coins. Mr. Wheeler contemns these matters; he will have nothing to do with "ghosts of ancient Hindu sovereigns summoned upon the stage of history as bloodless spectres of the past." "Future discoveries," he thinks, "may breathe a new life into these dry bones of history, but until then the dynasties of Indian kings are of little more moment than the half-forgotten lists of old Egyptian Pharaohs." A comparison of these inscriptions and coins is a work requiring much knowledge and critical judgment, and the results might not at first be very interesting or even readable except to those specially interested. But dry bones or even less tangible remains are not to be despised. We have learnt something of the Saurians and Megatheriæ, though we possess nothing of them but the driest of bones, and a diligent and patient investigation of coins and inscriptions may evoke life out of these driest of records. They are almost the only trustworthy remains of a long period in the life of India, and such evidence as they afford ought to be eagerly sought for and turned to account. Were they the mere lists that Mr. Wheeler despises, they would still have their value, but many of them bear dates, and many describe the countries over which the monarch ruled and the kings and countries which he conquered. Granted that the inscriptions are boastful, and greatly exaggerate the power and dominion of their authors, still they at least show us that dynasties were constantly rising and falling in various parts of India, and that no universal monarch was known. The grants of land engraven on copper, of which numbers have been found in all parts of the country, do something more than record the names of the royal grantors. As they were generally made for religious purposes, they throw light upon the state of religion. They confer certain privileges and impose certain limitations on the grantees, so we learn something about the rights of property and also of the responsibilities of landholders, such as the prevention of forced labour, and the arrest of vagabonds and cheats. In fact a careful investigator might pick much curious matter out of them. Mr. Wheeler intends in a future volume to give some account of the Hindu dynasties of the South from native records, and there will be no difficulty in compiling a tolerably full account of the last and most splendid of them from the MSS. of the Mackenzie collection and the inscriptions published by Wilson in the "Asiatic Researches." This dynasty is generally called from its capital the dynasty of Vijayanagar. Mr. Wheeler prefers calling it the Narsinga dynasty; why we know not, because Narsinga was neither its founder nor the greatest of its kings. It is to be hoped that the author will extend his researches further, and complete his work by comparing other native records with extant inscriptions, and especially by availing himself of such books as Prinsep's *Antiquities* and such monographs as Mr. Sterling's *Essay on Orissa*.

MUSGRAVE'S STUDIES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

IT has lately been asked whether a critic is bound to read through all the books which he reviews. One answer would be that he need not read them, if he frankly confesses the fact. His judgment must then be taken for what it is worth; and if the author thinks himself unjustly treated, he is at least not deceived. We shall therefore state at once that we have not read through Mr. Musgrave's book. We may add that we should hardly have thought it worth while to review the book were it not that Mr. Musgrave is Governor of South Australia. As he is in that position, it may perhaps be as well that the colonists should know what is the value of their Governor's economical views. If there should be a currency question in that part of the world, those views may be of some importance; and we fear that they are pretty certain to be on the wrong side. And, in the next place, the fact that Mr. Musgrave has had a good deal of experience of men and things, and still can write and publish such stuff as we are about to describe, is in itself remarkable. When a young gentleman at college finds himself wholly unable to understand the proof of the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid, he takes his difficulties to his tutors, and if they cannot make him understand it, he is modest enough to admit the fault to

* *Studies in Political Economy.* By Anthony Musgrave, C.M.G., Governor of South Australia. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

be on his side, and probably gives up the futile attempt of annexing to his name the magical B.A. But, if a Governor of a colony were in the same predicament, he would apparently write a series of letters denouncing the preposterous notion that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal. He would prefix a modest preface, expressing his annoyance at finding himself in conflict with the authority of Newton, Laplace, and Professor Cayley; though perhaps showing a little touch of self-complacency at the reflection that he had really seen through the fallacies which imposed upon those great men. Do we then, it may be asked, place the truths of political economy on the same level with those of geometry? Certainly not. We hold that there is ample room for an intelligent discussion of some even of the first principles of the science. The body of doctrines called political economy involves certain assumptions which do not accurately represent concrete facts, and which in some cases diverge from them very widely. It is open to any one to point out how far this initial error vitiates the conclusions which have been drawn by men like Adam Smith or Mill. Or, again, some of the doctrines require modification, as has been lately shown in the admirable treatise of Professor Cairnes. But when a man takes the simplest inferences which have been tested over and over again by thinkers of extreme acuteness from the days of Adam Smith to our own, which have satisfied an indefinite number of such logicians, who, far from being disposed to unanimity, have been doing their utmost to pick holes in each other's arguments, and then declares that these inferences are transparently and absurdly wrong, the presumption against him approaches almost to certainty. Mr. Musgrave says in substance that Adam Smith, James and John Stuart Mill, Professor Fawcett, and others whom he notices, besides a great number of writers whom he does not notice, have been guilty of blunders at least as gross as those which would have caused a lad to be plucked for his little-go. Either they have made these blunders repeatedly, and all agree in them, or else Mr. Musgrave has himself been guilty of equal blunders in a study which, as he tells us, he has taken up at leisure hours. We do not suppose that political economists will be more disturbed by this announcement than astronomers by the news that somebody persists in asserting the earth to be a plain. If they are, the perusal of the first three pages of the book will be enough to reassure them. However, to make assurance doubly sure, and to justify ourselves for not having plodded through more than a third of Mr. Musgrave's book, we will select a few specimens of his criticisms. We despair of making our meaning plain to a gentleman who evidently requires a course of logic rather than an argument; but possibly we may convince him that it would be as well if, before he published anything more, he would go to some competent person in private and confide to him the difficulties which he feels. He might then be put straight without loss of reputation, instead of publishing to all the world the fact that he is quite unable to understand the plainest arguments of some of the most lucid of English writers.

Mr. Musgrave informs us in his first page that the "root error" of modern economists consists in ignoring the fact that gold and silver are money because they are valuable, and do not become valuable because they are money. Considering that since the middle of the last century all schools of political economists have agreed in asserting in every variety of phrase that gold and silver are articles of commerce, whose value is determined on the same principles as that of other commodities, that Mr. Mill repeats the statement over and over again, and works it into an elaborate theory, we are rather puzzled to imagine in what the supposed error of economists consists. Of course the value of the precious metals is increased by their utility as money; but every economist that we ever read has asserted that they have an independent value, for the simple reason that they have other uses and that their quantity is limited. But before we get to the bottom of page 2 Mr. Musgrave makes another attack on economists. "Because gold and silver," he says, "are used as standards of exchange, it is assumed that they are nothing more, and have no value." So these foolish economists assume that gold and silver only have value because they are money, and that because they are money they have no value. Certainly this is an inconsistency which it is strange that no one should have previously noticed. But what can Mr. Musgrave mean? Nobody can talk absolutely without meaning. In looking again we see that his last remark is intended for an answer to Professor Fawcett, who says—of course in an elementary treatise—that we are not to "identify wealth with money," as the upholders of the mercantile system do. Mr. Musgrave, reading this, actually supposes that, because Professor Fawcett denies that all wealth is money, he denies that money is wealth. Nay, Mr. Musgrave makes this answer himself. He says that to deny gold and silver to be part of wealth is as absurd as to say that "because all horses are not mares, therefore mares are not horses." Of course it is. But the absurdity is not Professor Fawcett's, but Mr. Musgrave's amazing misconception of Professor Fawcett's meaning. If he will find any accepted treatise on Political Economy in which it is denied that money is part of wealth, he will have for once made a new discovery. He is really puzzling over the plain statement that wealth in this form is useful only as a means of circulating other wealth. This he takes to be equivalent to denying that it has any value. If a man were to say that the only use of a machine was to transform raw materials, Mr. Musgrave would suppose him to assert that the machine was valueless.

Passing for the moment a remark in page 4, we come to Professor Fawcett again in page 5. The Professor says that the "capital of the country is not in any way diminished if an individual should wantonly destroy so much wealth instead of consuming it unproductively for his own gratification"; and he adds in the next sentence that wealth is increased, not by spending, but by saving. Mr. Musgrave puts these sentences into italics and wonders at their inconsistency. "If," he says, "it does no harm to destroy instead of consuming, *à fortiori* the individual may as well consume; and if neither course diminishes the capital, it is not at all obvious how he can improve the condition of the labourer by saving a perishable commodity." This sentence is really delicious. What, to begin with, is Mr. Musgrave's notion of an argument *à fortiori*? Does he suppose that *fortiori* has the same meaning as *equalis*? Anyhow, his logic is curious. Professor Fawcett says in substance, It makes no difference to anybody but myself whether I eat a quantity of corn or put it in the fire. He adds that it will be useful if I "save" it; that is, if, instead of eating or burning it, I put it into a labourer's stomach and thereby produce more corn. If, answers Mr. Musgrave, it does no harm to the labourer when I burn the corn instead of eating it, it can't do him any good to put it into his stomach. This is made out apparently by two reflections. The first is the assumption attributed to Professor Fawcett that eating or burning the corn does not diminish capital. Perhaps not, but giving corn to the productive labourer increases it, or every word that Professor Fawcett has written about capital must be wrong. The second is the ingenious notion that saving corn cannot be of any use, because it is a "perishable commodity." There is no good in food, that is, because we eat it. This brilliant contribution to the science crops up at intervals throughout Mr. Musgrave's essays, so far as we have gone, and is the one really interesting thing in them. For, absurd as the fallacy seems, it was common in the seventeenth century, and may be found in such writers as Mun or Sir W. Petty. The error is more or less involved in some statements of the mercantile theory; and it is really pleasant to find our old friend turning up again in the colonies, just as we may be amused by hearing an archaic phrase in some country district which we supposed to have died out with Chaucer. The first illusions into which a man blunders who sets about investigating a subject for himself are naturally the same in all ages; and we therefore give Mr. Musgrave full credit for having invented the old confusion of ideas over again. We find the first statement of it in pp. 3, 4 in a very precise form. Wealth consists, we are told, partly of precious metals, and partly of an unknown amount of more or less perishable commodities. But this last amount, says Mr. Musgrave, "is slightly, if at all, augmented at any time, because accumulation beyond a certain limit of things liable to decay is impossible, and increasing population causes consumption of the increasing production." It might be a good practice for a beginner in logic to draw out the fallacies involved in this ingenious sentence. The quantity of a thing in the world, we would suggest to Mr. Musgrave, depends upon three things; the amount actually in existence at a given time, the rate at which this multiplies, and the rate at which it is destroyed. A herring, according to the familiar example, only lives for a year (we take figures at random); in that year it produces a million eggs; if all these eggs came to maturity and did likewise, the world would be unable to hold all the herrings at the end of ten years, though herrings would not last as long as gold. Indeed, men are "perishable commodities," according to most moralists, and yet men increase and multiply. In the remaining half of the sentence Mr. Musgrave of course contradicts the first. The amount of perishable commodities does, it appears, increase, but increasing population causes it to be consumed. Of course perishable commodities are consumed, or what would be the use of them? Their consumption hardly proves their non-existence, and neither does it prove that they may not increase faster than the population.

We are really ashamed of trying to explain the very A B C of political economy, or rather of logic, in the *Saturday Review*, though our pupil be the Governor of a colony. We will not offend further; it is enough to say that all these specimens are taken from the first five pages, and our readers must take our word for it that Mr. Musgrave goes on plunging deeper and deeper into hopeless bewilderment as he reaches more difficult questions; and that, when last seen, he appeared to be steering straight for the good old doctrine that the only wealth in the world is gold and silver. "Luxuries and wealth which is not money, are," he says, "practically synonymous." Now luxuries are generally supposed to be articles which we could do without. Therefore, if all the meat, drink, clothes, houses, machines, and other commodities in the world were destroyed, we might live sufficiently well upon gold and silver. This is the last news from Australia, a country in which the ballad of Miss Kilmansegg is not likely to be popular.

THE MASKLEYNES.*

WHEN we began *The Maskleynes* we hoped that Mrs. Oudlip had taken it to heart at last to amend her ways and reform her style. There was a commendable absence of slang in the

* *The Maskleynes*. A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "Dennis Donne," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

opening pages, and less vulgarity than is usual with this author, and we willingly overlooked the odd grammar, incorrect phraseology, and commonplace characters, for the sake of what we believed to be a repentant improvement in tone and treatment. But Mrs. Cudlip soon tires of the narrow way of literary virtue and the stricter rules of art, and, as she warms to her work, we have all her old characteristics in as full force as heretofore.

Gertrude Maskleyne, heroine the first, knows that "it would never do to throw up the sponge before these active adversaries"; and Maud Mohun, heroine the second, is expressly described as "not only a flash heroine, who could make a great sacrifice, and then make a brilliant exit among fireworks; but a thorough woman, who was capable of doing the sweetest, most unassuming work in the world, even after her heart-strings were sorely tried." This sweetest and most unassuming work in the world seems, by Mrs. Cudlip's account, to be that of keeping the household accounts correctly. All the little digression on domestic economy made by Mrs. Cudlip in favour of Maud Mohun is very funny. Thus we are told that "she was not one of those self-tormenting creatures who 'never look up,' and who have hebdomadal rows with their domestics because half a pound of sugar and half a glass of sherry cannot be accounted for"; but that "she had a perfect system of 'putting away things'; which was very nice of her. The point of the digression is in the following passage, which is not novel-writing:—

For my own part, I think very highly of the women who do small things well, and who keep things straight in their own households, whatever other claims there may be upon their time. I do not know how it may be in America, but I know that in England an idea obtains that the household of a lady who pursues literature or art as a profession is going to perdition. My own experience (I am proud to say that it is a wide one) teaches me that there are no better, more beautifully-ordered homes in the land. But by the time the majority believe this, the Millennium will have come.

That word "hebdomadal" in the sentence treating of Maud Mohun's system of housekeeping reminds us to give a passing notice to Mrs. Cudlip's attempts at classic and stately diction. Side by side with such colloquialisms as feeling "stuffy," ability "to tackle" somebody, and, in the description of Guy's death-agonies by poison, "another paroxysm seized him, doubling him up, turning him livid," &c.—we have such expressions as "official announcement," "unconditionally wretched," "aesthetic reasons," "the onus of womanhood"; and for a flourish of philology we are informed that "the gracious-looking young pair were entirely *sympatica* (sic), as the Italians have it; expressing by the word much more than we can ever hope to express by our heavier 'sympathy.'" For all this we wish Mrs. Cudlip would not write "The shape of her hands and feet were perfect"; and "a greenish bruise-like fringe" is not a pretty way of expressing a colour, unless indeed bruise means some mysterious substance unknown to us, and is not Cudlipian for bruise, as by the context it seems to be. If it is a word of honest meaning, we wish Mrs. Cudlip would tell us what it is. And is it a very tasteful way of describing a woman's grief to say that "she lay down, a mass of misery and disordered drapery, on the floor"? It is a comfort, however, to learn that when Gertrude got up again, and had "bathed her tear-stained face," she also "re-arranged her dress," as she "prepared herself to go down to the hot early dinner which custom had established as the proper thing to eat at Albridge."

The story of *The Maskleynes* of course turns on love of the kind in favour with a certain school of modern novelists; love of a distinctly carnal kind, and with a fine bigamous flavour pervading it. The hero and heroine are both twice married; the hero is in love with the two women at once, the heroine in love with the man who is 'not her first husband but her second. In addition to which, there is a friend's secret wife who passes for the hero's mistress, and on account of whom the heroine, being of that foolish sort who cannot trust, but can only perform unnecessary sacrifice, marries a man she physically loathes and morally despises, as the price of his silence on what is merely an awkward-looking mystery. Had she been simply content to trust in the honour of the man she loved, the miseries which Gertrude Maskleyne brought on herself need never have been inflicted on a patient public. She need not have cast herself on the floor in a mass of misery and disordered drapery; she need not have been taken up on the charge of having poisoned her husband—for which there was no more evidence than she had for her own belief that a pretty young woman and her child, living twenty miles off, are the mistress and offspring of Sir Edward; and Maud Mohun, Sir Edward's love in reserve, need not have been put in the rather humiliating position of the second best, to be chosen only when the first best, Gertrude, is impossible. As this circumstance happens twice over, we can only accept in amazement the presentation of a character which to force of will, sprightliness, and an almost aggressive vitality, unites such marvellous unselfishness and more than feminine humility.

Everybody in the book loves everybody whom he or she should not; and there is a vast amount of shaking and shuffling before they all finally range into their right places. And there is a curious repetition of circumstances throughout, as if the law on which *The Maskleynes* had been constructed—if we can apply a term signifying purpose, order, design, to such work as Mrs. Cudlip's—was the law of duality. Thus Gertrude engages herself to her cousin Guy while she is in love with her cousin Sir Edward—familiarily called Ted; and Sir Edward engages himself to Maud Mohun while he is in love with Gertrude; though for the matter of that he is in love with Maud too, and would like to marry both girls, as he does in

due time and under the modest conditions of monogamy. To balance this, Maud is in love with Mr. Marsham and Sir Edward also at the same time, and would have engaged herself to the former had not the latter come in at the very moment and prevented the delivery of the fatal letter. Sir Edward loves Gertrude when she is another man's wife; Maud loves Sir Edward when he is another woman's husband. Sir Edward proposes twice to Maud—once when Gertrude has married Guy, which offer he takes back as soon as his cousin's brutish husband is doubled up from eating poisoned wheat, and once again when Gertrude dies and leaves him free to regain his social position, design art furniture, and make fresh love to Maud Mohun. The very time between the death of the one wife and the bridal of the other is two years; which, by the way, seems a short allowance for the change Mrs. Cudlip intimates was wrought in her second-best heroine.

Maud is twenty-one when the story opens, and, so far as we can make out, about twenty-six when she marries; but a single woman at twenty-six is scarcely the matronized person that Miss Mohun appears when Mrs. Cudlip presents her, like the description of a "fashion plate," in the "black velvet bodice and tunic trimmed with very deep black lace, over a flounced grey silk petticoat," which she "always wore when she was writing at this season of the year"; adding, to complete the picture:—"On her head was fixed a little arrangement of black velvet and white lace. One of the little caps she had been so fond of in the days of her girlhood—in the days when she had so soon expected to be a married woman." Nor can we quite make out our author's psychology concerning this young lady. She has been all this time of Edward's marriage and widowhood "longing to love again"—longing "to find some man to whom her heart could go out as honestly and fervently as it had gone out to the man who—had not cared to keep it." "In spite of the fervour and honesty of the longing, she had failed," but not because she was "still hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt"; which rather odd expression in connexion with a woman's love Mrs. Cudlip explains by saying "She had not the faintest taint of inclination left in her to resume the old love relations with Edward Maskleyne." Nevertheless she is in love with "Ted," as she has always been, and when Mrs. Marsham comes to the front, what between her longing to love, and, in spite of the author's disclaimer, her hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, her position is somewhat peculiar. We own to an old-fashioned liking for singleness of purpose and simplicity of love in novels. These confused feelings and spiritual Agapemones are not to our taste. We do not question the polygamous instincts of men, but we would rather not have them dilated on, and we think it undesirable to depict the passionate love of young wives for men not their husbands, and of young women for married men. In conclusion, we leave Mrs. Cudlip to the tender mercies of her own sex—mothers—when they have read this as one of her reflections:—"As if a woman could find comfort and recompense for the loss of every other earthly good in the smiles and gabble of a baby!"

WICKHAM'S HORACE.*

IT might be urged—and the list of the chief editions of Horace, early and recent, which is given in Mr. Wickham's introduction would show with how much plausibility—that there is little need of a fresh commentary on Horace, either for young or for old readers. And yet such is the interest which scholars of every age take in this poet, so fruitful is every fresh perusal of the odes, that we turn with unfeigned curiosity to every new edition that is issued, and rarely fail to find abundant satisfaction. Mr. Wickham's edition represents the study of years; the cuttings which—

apis Matinæ
More modique—

he has been continually making, in a course of private reading and public teaching, from the great works of such predecessors as Bentley, Orelli, and a score of lesser lights; and the cultivation of that discriminative faculty which enables him not only to detect chaff amidst wheat, but to weigh the relative values of past annotations and interpretations. Seldom have we discovered more frequent proofs of the education in criticism which a thorough and prolonged study of Horace furnishes than in Mr. Wickham's volume; and we can have no hesitation in predicting its success, on the ground of its intrinsic merits in point of tact, judgment, and sagacious discrimination, merits which are shown in tracing the connexion of passage with passage in individual odes, as well as in detecting the relations between different odes. We should be loth to say that this new edition at all stands in the way of anything better, for Mr. Munro's introduction to King's illustrated edition discloses a rare and comparatively unworked vein of Horatian criticism; but at all events it is an important step in advance, and a clear gain to scholars, young and old alike, to those who are reading for their examinations as well as to those who are reading for their pleasure. For the former class, besides much original light upon their author, it furnishes quite sufficient data for deciding which interpretation of a disputed passage to accept, and which to reject—for the latter it will be found

* *The Works of Horace*. Vol. I. The Odes, Carmen Seculare, and Epodes. With a Commentary by E. C. Wickham, M.A., Master of Wellington College, and Fellow of New College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1874.

all the more palatable because its editor does not close the question too curtly or dogmatically, but leaves it open to the judgment of the reader's critical faculty. In short, Mr. Wickham's Horace, if it is finished as it has been begun, will present the just medium between a school or college edition and an edition for the library. It is explanatory enough for the one purpose, and it is erudite and critical enough for the other; and both aims have been achieved without verbiage or prolixity, a fact worthy of chronicling in days when the disuse of Latin notes has opened the door to long-winded English.

One of Mr. Wickham's conspicuous qualifications for his task is the consistency with which he prefers to retain and explain, where it is possible, the manuscript text of Horace rather than to indulge a taste for ingenious emendations. Whilst in no way undervaluing the clever and plausible guesswork of Bentley, from which an insight into Horatian difficulties is to be gained even where the suggestion is too speculative to be followed, and while speaking respectfully of great names in the same line of criticism, he wins our confidence by his resistance to conjectural criticism, where, as mostly in Horace, "guessing on a large scale cannot be proved to be necessary." For example, in Ode xxxi. 9-11 of the First Book—

Premant Calenâ falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem, dives et aureis
Mercator exsiccet cullulis
Vina, &c. &c.—

he rejects, as smacking of an emendator, the reading of *ut* for *et* in the second line which is found in some MSS. and in the lemma of Porphyrio. If we read "*ut*" the sense will be an ironical taunt against the wine-grower who toils that others may drink, and against the trader who risks his life for gold cups and rare wines. But the temptation to impart this irony to the passage is just what makes the emendation suspicious. In like manner at I. xxxv. 16 he resists the strongly-backed, and at first sight more authorized, reading of "*serva necessitas*" for "*sæva necessitas*," the *εὐκατὰ ἀνάγκη* of Homer, as owing its origin to a gloss and to an endeavour to illustrate and interpret "*anteit*." As he shows, "*servi*" or "*ancillæ*" would "*follow behind*," whereas "*doom*" goes before fortune, and is called "*sæva*" or "*fell*" to express the stern certitude of her handiwork. Again in I. xxviii. 19 it would save a world of trouble to adopt the reading of a few MSS.—"*laboras*"—with the hiatus not filled in, instead of the received text,

Quantâ laborabas Charybdi;

yet it is better, as Mr. Wickham does, to explain than to emend this curious use of the imperfect. He parallels it with the Greek *ἵππον* ("you are labouring all the time"), "*said of a new discovery*, and referring to the time when the discovery was made"; and with the like use in I. xxxvii. 4, "*Tempus erat*," "*this was the time*," or "*this is the time*, as we thought truly," the tense implying "*reference to some past thought, though the relation of that thought to the leading statement may vary*." In some cases it may be that he adheres to manuscript authority almost to a fault, as for instance where the invariable reading of MSS. and Scholia (II. xiii. 14)—

Navita Bosphorum
Pœnus perhorrescit—

endorses an irrelevancy not likely to have been perpetrated by Horace. What had the Carthaginian sailor to do with the Bosphorus? Mr. Wickham is unduly scrupulous about adopting Lachmann's "*Thynus*," which would set the passage straight for the reader by connecting the Bithynian mariner with the first difficulty he would have to face. That he has no faith in Orelli's mode of reconciling the authorized reading with common sense is plain from his quoting Munro's "*reductio ad absurdum*" of the argument that Pœnus may mean Phœnician, "*because the two words are etymologically identical*." So, argues the late Cambridge Professor of Latin, might it be shown that "*Yankees*" may now be used convertibly with "*English*," of which the former word was an Indian corruption. There is perhaps more ground for Mr. Wickham's hesitation to endorse Munro's ingenious conjecture "*Tu vides uvam*," in I. xx. 9-10:—

Cecubam et praelo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam—

where there is a difficulty in accepting "*I must leave you to drink*" as the sense of the future, because it does not agree with the sense of "*potabis*" at the beginning of the ode. Though *vides* in the sense of "*provide*" (compare Terence, *Heaut.* iii. 1-48, "*Aliud lenius sodes vide*") is extremely plausible, it is of the class of brilliant Bentleyian guesses, of which a matter of fact editor may naturally be suspicious. When our editor comes in contact with the great guesser himself, he is often content simply to chronicle the fact and the point of the proposed alteration, as in I. vi. 18, where "*Strictis in juvenes unguibus*" is Bentley's emendation of "*Sectis in juvenes unguibus*." But elsewhere he helps the reader to steady himself in the adherence to authority, as when, in I. vii. 27, he vindicates "*Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*" as against the reading of some MSS., "*Auspice Teucro*," and Bentley's still bolder "*auspice Phœbo*." The first of these he distrusts because "*auspex*" in the sense of patron or adviser with a genitive of the person patronized is unlikely; and the second he discards because the ground of Bentley's objection to the slight variation of a technical phrase ("*Auspice Teucro*" for "*Auspiciis Teucro*") is really cut from under him by parallels which show this to have been quite in Horace's manner. Upon the phrase "*ut capitis minor*," in III. v. 42, which is a poetical form of "*capite deminu-*

tus," he brings to bear a number of instances where Horace varies the common formula in such a way as "*at once to recall and to avoid a technicality which, if literally reproduced, would be harsh or pedantic*." In disposing of such puerile attempts at eccentric interpretation as where, in I. iv. 20, "*Nec regna vini sortiere talis*" some have understood *talis* to be, *i.g.* *robor*, "*such wine as this*," Mr. Wickham is rightly and laudably summary, and he will approve himself to most old-fashioned readers and lovers of Horace as much by his tenacity to the authorized interpretation as well as to the authorized text.

It is scarcely a less recommendation that, with all this conservatism of editorship, Mr. Wickham combines a delicate perception and a quick eye for similitudes and contrasts which bespeak the poetical faculty. In the ode to Fuscus I. xxii. 5-7—

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum—

the translator, Mr. Hovenden, to whom we recently directed attention, detected only a contrast of heat or cold—

Whether camped on burning sands,
Or amid Caucasian snows—

but Mr. Wickham has seen that the application of the epithet "*æstuosas*" to the boiling surf of the bay rather than the hot sandy shore points to a yet more effective contrast of dangers and perils. "*You have to choose between a furious sea if you don't land, and savage inhabitants if you do*." In I. xxiv. 9-12, where Horace recognizes "*a first cause*" in the thunder amidst a clear sky, and owns the rolling of Jove's chariot wheels—

Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invisi horrida Tenari
Sedes Atlantæusque finis
Constituit—

the same nice perception is employed in showing how the meaning and idea of "*all creation*" is given through a series of contrasts. "*Earth, though you might think it too dull and still, the streams which seem as if they moved too quick, the abysses below, the utmost bounds above*," make up the contrasted elements of universality. There is also a good bit of picturesque criticism where, upon the third stanza of the ode to Dellius (II. iii.)—

Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbra hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis?—

it is pointed out that "*the double contrast between the alight poplar, white in the wind, and the gloom of the heavier pine, is indicated, after Horace's manner, by one epithet with each pair of substantives*." Parallel cases occur in III. xiii. 7, and IV. iv. 10. Lastly, as a proof of sound appreciation of the feeling of the original, we would call attention to the editor's remarks on the close of the Fifth Ode of the Fourth Book, where Regulus's return to his vanquishers and his death is likened, in point of calmness, to a lawyer or a patron's "*rusticating*" holiday.

Notice [observes Mr. Wickham] the quiet ending of the poem, the conventional epithet, raising no new picture, appealing at the most to distant historical associations, feeding not so much the mind as the ear, and even that with a certain sameness of sound. This characteristic of Horace belongs partly to himself, partly to the poetic art generally. The passion in poetry which gives pleasure is not unbridled passion, but passion felt to be measured and controlled by mind. This is the intellectual side of the pleasure added to poetry by the recurrences of rhyme and metre.

Had we space to do justice to Mr. Wickham's commentary in reference to vexed passages, we should like to speak of his discriminative note on III. iv. 9-10, "*Altricius extra limen Apulie*"; his weighing of Ritter and Orelli's rival interpretations of the adjective in the line III. xix. 12, "*Tribus aut novem Miscetur cyathis pocula commodis*"; and his decision of the puzzle involved in III. xx. 7-8:—

Grande certamen tibi præda cedit
Major an illi.

Comparing this last with Epode v. 29, "*Abacta nulla Veis conscientia*," where the adjective "*nulla*" stands in the place of an adverb, "*not one whit*," our editor regards "*major*" as similarly adverbial by a not uncommon confusion of language. And so the sense is not "*who should win more of the prey*," but "*who should rather win the prey*," which is clearly more in keeping with the context.

Mr. Wickham takes just, but modest, credit to himself for having, in common more particularly with modern editors, been led by love of the task to that function of criticism which traces in the several poems "*the sequence and proportion of the thoughts*." To the real enjoyment of such an author as Horace there can hardly be too much of this mode of approach, and we can well believe that any intelligent reader who avails himself of it, and bases his own study of Horace upon it, will be led to distrust all that commentators have striven to propound about inert epithets, needless digressions, and purposeless amplifications. The more often Horace is systematically reperused, the clearer will appear the cohesion of part with part, of stanza with stanza, and of one ode with another. Especially pertinent to this point are the remarks of the editor in pp. 9-10 respecting an artistic purpose in the juxtaposition of the various odes, and about the proofs of a conscious arrangement, and a conscious arranger, on the principle of association at one time and of contrast at another. For the sake of these hints alone Mr. Wickham's edition should be valuable to the poetical student, while more prosaic persons will find its excellent "*apparatus criticus*," its lucid introductions, its

conscientious annotations, and its sound grammatical appendices not less a boon. This commentary makes no pretensions to be brilliant, but it is eminently safe, and it cannot be said that this safety and security are purchased by any sacrifice of poetical insight. It will more than hold its own with Maclean and Yonge. It will be a most useful volume beside Orelli or Dillenburger. We ought to add that one of its specialties is a careful collation of the valuable MS. belonging to Queen's College, Oxford, by a very competent and accurate scholar, Mr. Arthur O. Prickard, of New College.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD has undertaken to write the life of Napoleon III.* upon information "derived from State records, unpublished family correspondence, and personal testimony." It is possible that as he goes on with the work the value of his materials may become more apparent; but as far as the present volumes are concerned it cannot be said that they throw any new light upon the subject. This, however, is perhaps not Mr. Jerrold's fault. The truth is that Prince Louis had as a young man taken such pains to cultivate public attention that even at the time of his election as President his antecedents were as well known as any part of the recent history of Europe, and since then they have of course been the subject of persistent and assiduous research by writers of every country and from every point of view. In dealing, therefore, with the first part of his task, Mr. Jerrold has not much chance of being original. Still it is, we suppose, necessary in writing a life to begin at the beginning, and the biographer of the Emperor may fairly plead that, if he has nothing fresh to tell us, it is only because so many people have been over the same ground before him. He has at any rate gathered up all he can, quotes his predecessors at liberal length, and is occasionally able to make a correction. It has usually been said that Louis Napoleon was born in the Tuileries, but Mr. Jerrold is able to state that his hero was, beyond all doubt, born in the house in the Rue Cérutti, now Rue Lafitte, which belongs to M. Rothschild. In her diary Queen Hortense records that the official visit of M. de Talleyrand aggravated her nervous state. "He generally," she says, "wore powder. The scent of it was so strong that when he came near me to congratulate me I was nearly suffocated." Louis, in one of his letters to his mother, written from London, mentions finding himself unexpectedly next Talleyrand in a drawing-room, and the two talked together at the same time to the hostess, each affecting not to know the other. Louis was so feeble as an infant that he had, according to his mother, to be bathed in wine and wrapped in cotton-wool to bring him back to life. This physical weakness had its effect on his youthful character, which, as Madame Cornu, his playfellow and companion, said, "wanted granite." Mr. Jerrold has been furnished with a fragment of autobiography written by the late Emperor, and headed "Souvenirs de ma vie"; but he does not give the date of its composition, which was probably during the residence at Chislehurst. "When," the Emperor begins, "having reached a certain age, one looks back to the earliest days of childhood, one sees only isolated scenes that have struck the imagination." His first remembrance was his baptism at three years old in the chapel of Fontainebleau, and next he recalled the Empress Josephine at Malmaison covering him with caresses, and flattering his vanity by repeating his clever sayings. His grandmother spoilt him in every way, while his mother tried to give him some discipline. One fête day, when asked what treat they would like, his brother asked for a watch, but Louis begged to be allowed "d'aller marcher dans la crotte avec les petits polissons." It was a misery to have to be always going to town in a carriage, and his delight when, in 1815, his tutor took him for his first walk on the boulevards was the keenest sensation of happiness he could recollect. At Malmaison he was fond of playing at and with the soldiers. His uncle, he mentions, used, when he or his brother went into his room, to take him by the head with two hands, and set him on the table, much to their mother's alarm. This morsel of autobiography finishes abruptly with a hasty flight at night from the Rue Cérutti to an attic on the boulevards where the family were to remain hidden—a change which, in his childish ignorance of its significance, pleased Louis very much. The Empress Josephine gave him the pet name of *Oui-oui*. One day Louis exclaimed, "How I love beautiful nature!" which when reported at Court was thought remarkably clever by his grandmother and her ladies. We are also indebted to Mr. Jerrold for another important historical observation. When Louis was taken to his uncle one day by his nurse, Mme. Bure, the Emperor looked at her and said, "The young rogue has a very pretty nurse." Where history is silent Mr. Jerrold is ready to fill up the gap in his own way. "Queen Victoria in her Tour in the Highlands relates how delighted she was when her husband said to her that people live their own lives over again in those of their children. Prince Eugene possibly made remarks akin to this when he strove to reanimate his sister's heart." It is obviously very easy to spin out a big book by supplementing history with conjectural possibilities. Mr. Jerrold is indignant at the insinuation that at Strasburg Louis Napoleon travestied his uncle—"So little did he think of imitating the appearance of his uncle,

that he made no change in his moustache or imperial"; and he elsewhere quotes the description of an admirer who found the chief resemblance of the younger Napoleon to the elder in the shape of the back of his head, a sight of which, he says, used to thrill veterans of the old Guard. The truth is that Louis Napoleon, aware of his want of resemblance either to his uncle or any of the family, wore a heavy moustache to disguise a face so significantly different. Mr. Jerrold, it need hardly be said, is quite certain that on this occasion Prince Louis did not look like a weaver, nor did he "cower." But the evidence at the trial would seem rather to confirm Mr. Kinglake's version. It is known that Queen Hortense wrote her Memoirs, with the assistance of M. Mocquard, and some parts of them have been published. They fill, it seems, seven or eight compact volumes, and it has been determined, no doubt discreetly, that they are never to be published at length. While the Emperor was alive it was deemed essential that his mother, in spite of notorious scandals, should be spoken of as his guardian angel. Mr. Jerrold, however, would seem to have received permission to use a different tone. "Her frailties," he says, "were beyond question, nor does she deny them in the record of her life. She was a lover and seeker of pleasure to the last. There was much of what we understand as the Bohemian in her nature. She liked expeditions à la bonne franquette." And here we have no doubt the origin of that moral taint which, fostered by shameless associates, gave to the Court during the Second Empire so much the aspect of a riotous bivouac of gipsies, making the most of sudden plunder, with every now and then an uneasy ear for the police. It cannot be said that Mr. Jerrold is very happy in the original matter with which he pieces his patchwork together. He writes in a flat, lumpy, pretentious style that reminds one very much of the decorative art of the régime which he celebrates. The second volume brings the history down to the election of the Prince as President.

The *Harbour Bar** is an innocent story of humble life in a fishing village on the north-east coast of Scotland—Banffshire or Aberdeenshire. It is prettily told, and written in a simple unobtrusive style. There is promise, too, in the description of the great storm on old Christmas Eve, when Bendie and his five stalwart sons were lost "near the Sinkie Sands, far down below the noisy billows of the Bar," and the fishers and their wives spend the long cold hours in the blinding snowdrift by the flagstaff, gazing through the darkness out to sea for the boat that never returned. Captain Main and his warm-hearted but sour-visaged handmaid, Kirstie, are fairly well drawn, and Maggie, the stout Presbyterian fishwife with her distrust of "the long creeds" and "the vain repetitions" of the Church of England Service, her sturdy adherence to "spiritual independence" and the principle of "non-intrusion," and her tendency to amateur preaching, is a natural enough study of the class of Scotchwomen who fall such ready victims to Revivalists of the Moody and Sankey type in the fishing villages of the North. The descriptions of the good old-fashioned Scotch customs on Halloween and "Hansel Monday," of the preparations for the "Muckle Supper" on Old Christmas Eve, and the feast of "sowans" on the following morning, are interesting as relics of bygone days. But it would be hardly conscientious to give any higher meed of praise to the book. The author, or more probably the authoress, attempts too much in trying to weave in the double story of Mona Munro's parentage with the wreck of "Bendie's" fishing-boat and the loves of Wattie Storm and Elsie Mason. She would have written a more successful tale if she had confined herself to either of the incidents. She fails in working up the double plot. It needs experience in writing and no small grasp of mind to delineate so many characters and to handle successfully such intricate machinery as she sets in motion. Her characters, except those noted, are poorly drawn. The Banffshire dialect, though very likely true enough to nature, is wearisome to Southern ears; and, if we except from this criticism the description of the storm and of Wattie's touching tenderness to "Wee Colin," the whole book, though harmless, must be pronounced insipid.

Sir J. Lubbock has put together as one of the "Nature Series" volumes some observations and notes on the relations between wild flowers and insects† which he had originally prepared for his children, and which will now be welcomed by a larger circle. The subject is extremely interesting in itself, and the clear and attractive manner in which the writer treats it makes it still more so. It was of course impossible in such a case to avoid technicalities altogether, but they are used as seldom as possible, and are explained in a glossary. Sir John, following very closely in Mr. Darwin's footsteps, demonstrates how necessary flowers and insects are to each other, and the gradual modifications of each which are produced by their interaction; insects, on the one hand, undergoing various changes to adapt them to getting honey and pollen from flowers, and flowers, in turn, having their scent, colour, honey, and even their distinctive forms influenced by the action of insects, which are naturally attracted to those of greater splendour, more tempting scent, or greater richness in sweets. The morality of the insect world would appear to be much on a level with that of humanity, for it is suggested that some flowers beguile insects by holding out the expectation of honey which does not really exist.

* *The Life of Napoleon III.* By Blanchard Jerrold. Vols. I. and II. Longmans.

* *The Harbour Bar: a Tale of Scottish Life.* 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

† *On British Wild Flowers, considered in their Relations to Insects.* By Sir J. Lubbock. (Nature Series.) Macmillan.

There is one merit in Sir J. Lubbock's manual which deserves especial recognition, and that is his scrupulous avoidance of that common defect of text-books which consists in giving an impression that everything has been completely discovered, and that the whole sum of knowledge can be positively stated. He is continually reminding his readers that the range of observation and experiment is by no means exhausted, and that much still remains to be ascertained with reference to even the commonest and most abundant species. Taken altogether this valuable, though unpretending, handbook is admirably adapted for stimulating the interest of young people in natural history. It should be said that it is fully illustrated.

Mazzini* has been so often confounded with more vulgar conspirators that it is only natural that his friends and admirers should endeavour to secure recognition for his rare and noble qualities. He was undoubtedly a revolutionist whose schemes, if they had been successful, would have been attended with the most disastrous consequences to the country for whose salvation they were intended; but detestation of his policy ought not to prevent justice from being done to his pure and passionate patriotism and elevation of mind. Apart from the blinded fanaticism with which he clung to a Republic as the only form in which he could possibly accept the regeneration of Italy, his views were large and generous. By his intense and burning faith in the destinies of his country he contributed more perhaps than any other to the realization of the dream of unity and independence; and, though he was willing to sacrifice substantial results for an ideal perfection, his designs were honestly constructive, and he was even fiercely opposed to all projects of spoliation and social disorder. In the two eloquent essays which have been reprinted by Mr. Peter Taylor for the instruction of the English working classes, Mazzini points out the danger of bestowing political power on people who are unfitted for it; he reminds the Utopians that all the elements of human activity, such as private property, riches, &c., are evil or good, not in themselves, but according to the use that is made of them; and he asks the philosophers not to forget that "a labouring man who works fourteen or sixteen hours a day for a bare subsistence, with no security for the morrow's existence but the labour of his hands, has not time to read and reflect, even if he knows how to read—he drinks and sleeps." Mazzini is never tired of dwelling on the duties, as contrasted with supposed rights, of men, and insisting that humanity can be elevated only by elevating man, and establishing a higher conception of the obligations of social life. Nothing can exceed his scorn for the Otahaitian animalism of the Phalanstery—"life reduced to the mean proportions of animal instincts and propensities," "Malthus crowned with roses and squeezing out the juice of the grape." He protests no less strongly against Communism, holding that property is not only conducive to order and security, but that it has a high moral influence on the sentiments which naturally grow with it in the heart of man, and in the association of ideas connected with it. "Why then," he asks, "not endeavour to modify the organization of these things, to make them harmonize with the great ideas of devotion, of equality, of honour, and social progress, instead of seeking to abolish them? And do you not see that in suppressing them you would suppress all the modes by which human activity manifests itself, all emulation, desire, impulse towards progress?" It must be admitted that, with much that was visionary and vicious in his methods of execution, the essential principles of Mazzini's philosophy were sound and honourable. The memoir which accompanies the essay, though written in a somewhat inflated style, gives an interesting account of Mazzini's career.

There is perhaps no modern French writer to whom it is so difficult, indeed we may say impossible, to do justice in English as Sainte-Beuve. The delicate and subtle beauties of his style, its *nuances*, half-lights, and adroit insinuations, its exquisite niceties of expression, simply defy translation, and can be enjoyed in their perfection only in the original tongue. There is indeed no other language in which such feats are possible, and much of the peculiar charm must necessarily be lost even in the most skillful attempt at reproduction. At the same time, the very exquisiteness of the style demands from the reader for its adequate appreciation a more cultivated knowledge of French than Englishmen usually possess, and this is no doubt the reason why Sainte-Beuve is comparatively little read even by those who have a general acquaintance with French literature. There is, however, more than style in Sainte-Beuve's essays, and the selection from them which has just been published under the title of *English Portraits*†, although it does not convey the delicious aroma of the original, makes a very pleasant and interesting book. The translation is careful and intelligent, and if one jolts occasionally upon a rough or stiff expression, allowance must in fairness be made for the inherent difficulties of the task. The first of the essays here given, that on Mary Queen of Scots, is rather slight perhaps, but is a good example of that sympathetic balance of judgment which is one of Sainte-Beuve's principal characteristics. He does not attempt to make light of the Queen's frailties and crimes, but he also gives prominence to the temptations which surrounded her. Lord Chesterfield evidently took hold of the critic by his liking for the French and by the French turn of his wit. Sainte-Beuve calls his letters "a charming course of worldly education," and defends

them from many of the aspersions that have been cast on their morality. In the sketch of Benjamin Franklin justice is fully done to his moral sagacity, firmness, and honesty, and his fine temper, but it is also hinted that he was wanting "in wings and impetus." Gibbon again attracts Sainte-Beuve by his French qualities, so that he is almost tempted to claim him, from a literary point of view, as a countryman. One of the most charming and suggestive essays in this volume is that on Cowper, of whom it is evident, not only from this paper, but from references scattered through his writings, Sainte-Beuve had made a deep and loving study. There is an amusing passage in which he quotes "John Gilpin" as a curiosity of English humour which he cannot attempt to explain. "It is necessary," he remarks, "to belong to the country itself to appreciate such things. I have merely wished to give a notion of this side of Cowper's genius, so surprising to us and so English. Let us consider him once more in a serious point of view, the only one in which we can understand him." A notice of M. Taine's book on English Literature, which takes the form of an independent survey of the subject, and a brief criticism on "Pope as a Poet," complete the volume. The translator has supplied an interesting introductory chapter, containing an account of Sainte-Beuve's life and writings.

Sir Robert Phillimore* has found relaxation from his judicial labours in making a translation of Lessing's *Laocoon*, which he dedicates to Mr. Gladstone, "in memory of long friendship and a common love of Homer." The first part of *Laocoon* has already been more than once translated into English, but Sir Robert has now for the first time included the fragments of the unfinished parts. Of Lessing's essay itself we need say nothing, having so lately dealt with the subject at length (*Saturday Review*, July 4, 1874). The translation, if somewhat stiff and formal, is scrupulously faithful; and the preface and notes supply ample information both as to Lessing himself and the controversy in which he played so conspicuous a part.

Mr. Arthur Butler† has written a poem on the somewhat exhausted theme of Charles I., which exhibits poetical qualities of an undoubtedly high order. His style is pure and graceful, rising at times to a remarkable dignity and force of expression, but never in any way violent or extravagant. In order to understand Mr. Butler's conception of his central character, it is necessary to read his preface as well as the poem. In the former he draws a portrait of Charles which is in conformity with the generally accepted conclusions on the subject, and fully admits "his weakness and insincerity," and the "extreme folly and blindness of his conduct." It happens, however, that the tragedy is chiefly occupied with a delineation of that better side of Charles's character which was disclosed so pathetically in the dignity and resignation of his last days, and those who read it without the explanations of the preface might perhaps imagine that the picture was partial and incomplete. Cromwell is represented, not as an ambitious, self-seeking usurper, but as perfectly sincere and loyal to the cause he had espoused, though led astray by his fanaticism in compassing the King's death. It must be admitted at least that in attempting, as he says, to lead partisans on either side to appreciate what was good in their opponents, Mr. Butler has shown a generous spirit. The play opens at Hampton Court, where Charles's hopes have been revived by the widening strife between Parliament and the army, and follows his steps to the scaffold. It is difficult to quote fair examples from a work of this kind without exceeding the limits of our space; but there are some noble lines in Cromwell's soliloquy after he has determined on the execution of the King, in the dialogue between him and Milton, and in Charles's meditation at Windsor.

Under the title of *Children of the Mobility*‡ we have half-a-dozen pencillings by Leech reproduced by the autotype process with admirable nicety and fidelity. These pictures, slight and hasty in execution, fully bear out Mr. Ruskin's praise of the artist's wonderful power of seizing at once upon the essential lines of a subject. Leech's characteristic humour of course comes out in these sketches, but less broadly than usual; and though the subjects are squalid and vulgar, they are treated in some cases with an almost pathetic gravity and sweetness. As examples of what may be expressed by a few slender strokes, without the slightest attempt at elaboration, they are quite inimitable.

On the Wing§ is an example of a sort of spurious literature the production of which seems unfortunately to be increasing. It is published as a book, and looks like a book in so far that it is made up of so many pages of printed matter bound in cloth, but when you come to examine it you find that there is absolutely nothing in it. It is a mere collection of loose, rambling, incoherent talk such as a school-girl might spend a wet day in writing to a sympathetic correspondent. The morbid *ennui* which afflicts so many women nowadays may perhaps account for such a work having been written, but that it should have been thought worth while to put such poor, thin, worthless stuff into the shape of a book is only another proof of the depths into which publishing is now sinking. It seems to have occurred to Mrs. Montgomery to write an account of her impressions and reflections during a visit to

* *Joseph Mazzini: a Memoir.* By E. A. V. With Two Essays by Mazzini. King.

† *English Portraits.* By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated from the "Causeries du Lundi." Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

* *Laocoon.* Translated from the text of Lessing. With Preface and Notes. By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Phillimore. Macmillan.

† *Charles I. A Tragedy in Five Acts.* By Arthur Gray Butler, M.A. Longmans.

‡ *Children of the Mobility.* By John Leech. Bentley.

§ *On the Wing: a Southern Flight.* By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery. Hurst & Blackett.

Italy. She had been over a beaten and familiar road, where many thousands of people had been before her; had studied her guide-book, and had seen just what every ordinary tourist sees. It is true she had absolutely nothing to tell that was not as well known as the old nursery tales; but this does not deter her from thrusting her stale commonplaces on the world. In order, however, to disguise the poverty of the dish, it has been garnished with a little thin fiction of a party of English, two sisters and a brother, who hold tiresome and foolish conversations on a variety of subjects.

In *Mystic London** we have another example of what may be called "shoddy" literature. The title, to begin with, is misleading. The same author has already composed a couple of other works called *Orthodox London* and *Unorthodox London*, giving an account of various sects and preachers; and *Mystic London* might be supposed to describe, in continuation of the series, such forms of mysticism as are represented in town. When we pass from the title-page to the preface, however, we find Mr. Davies explaining that he uses "the term Mystic, as applied to the larger portion of this volume, in its technical sense, to signify his own initiation into some of the more occult phases of metropolitan existence." In point of fact, the book is made up of a loose medley of papers on such subjects as East-end Arabs, a lunatic ball, a night in a bakehouse, a dip in the Serpentine, a Tichborne meeting, a barmaid show, a private execution, and so on, with a few chapters on Spiritualist *séances* thrown in at the end, by way, we suppose, of justifying the title. Taking it, however, for what it is, we have seldom seen a more impudently empty and worthless production. The sort of thing which Dr. Davies has attempted to do has been done over and over again by more competent persons, and everybody is sick of it. What little he has to tell about anything is spun out with washy verbiage and weak jocosity; in short, the whole book is mere penny-a-lining of the most vulgar kind. An attempt is made to give importance to some of the sketches by the use of startling titles. A street at the East End where boys and girls wait to be hired is called "A London Slave Market"; a visit to the house of a man who had murdered his wife bears the heading "The Wife-Slayer's Home"; "Darwinism on the Devil" is a report of a lecture, and "An Evening's Diablerie" is a visit to a medium. There is something especially repulsive in the maudlin affectation of a lofty purpose in going to see Margaret Wilson hanged, and writing a sensational account of it. Dr. Davies thinks it necessary to tell us that he was fiddling when he received the order of admission to the gaol; that it was "a thankless errand"—he forgets the "copy" he got out of it—to go out in the dawn of a cold October morning to see a woman hurried out of existence; that he was very much struck with the fine looks growing in the garden where the gallows stood; how he took a pull at his brandy-flask, and stood at a corner ready to turn away if he felt himself going to sicken; and how he afterwards contrived, in his eager appetite for the horrible, to get a "good front place." Indeed even the other penny-a-liners seem to have been disgusted by his callousness, for he says, "One of the daily papers, in chronicling this event, went so far as to point a moral on the brutalizing effect of such exhibitions from my momentary hesitation and subsequent struggle forward into the front rank."

Mr. Austin's *Lectures on Jurisprudence* are so well known that it is unnecessary to say more of the abridged edition which Mr. Campbell has prepared for students† than that it appears to have been executed with care and judgment. It is known that Mr. Austin, disappointed by the limited attendance at his lectures, broke off the course, and could never afterwards be induced to resume it, or even to reprint the first edition of his *Province of Jurisprudence*. Since his death, however, an edition has been published which contains all that he left behind him, together with Mr. J. S. Mill's notes of some of the original lectures; and it is of this edition that the present volume is an abridgment.

Mr. Gaches‡ supplies in a compact and convenient volume a digest of municipal and sanitary law for the benefit of members of Town Councils, and other persons interested in local government. A full account is given of the organization of the Council and of its powers in regard to the supply of water and drainage; and the appendix contains a number of forms especially adapted for more newly incorporated boroughs.

German Poets is a series of very spirited and beautifully executed photographic portraits of the chief singers of Germany, with intelligent and discriminating notices by Mr. Gostwick, who is already known by his share in the preparation of the *Outlines of German Literature*.

* *Mystic London*. By the Rev. C. M. Davies, D.D. Tinsley Brothers.

† *Lectures on Jurisprudence*. By John Austin. Abridged for the use of Students by Robert Campbell. Murray.

‡ *The Town Councillors and Burgesses' Manual*. By Louis Gaches. Butterworth.

§ *German Poets: a Series of Memoirs and Translations*. By Joseph Gostwick. With Portraits by C. Jäger. F. Brockmann.

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